WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

FRONTLINE COMBAT

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

NO. 13
JULY-AUG.

10¢

THE EC "ARTIST OF THE ISSUE" • GEORGE EVANS

Latest permanent addition to the E.C. family, George R. Evans was born Feb. 5, 1920, in Harwood, Pa., of English and Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. When George was nine, his family moved to Kulpmont, Pa., a coal-mining town. George's early art training came at fifteen from a correspondence course, which he paid for by working as a store clerk, coal-trucker, and mill hand. He also attended the Scranton Art School for one year. At 16, he had already started to sell illustrations to airplane pulp magazines, supplementing his income by sign-painting. Came the war, and George spent three years in the AAF, where, by diligence, application, and K.P., he rose to the grade of Pfc. Decorations: one (1) Good Conduct Medal, grudgingly awarded. While in the army, George was stationed for a spell on Long Island. He liked it so much that upon being discharged, he came back there to live with his bride, whom he'd married six months previously. After returning to civilian life, George's first job was as a staff artist for another comic publishing house. He also attended night classes at the Art Students League in N. Y. C. George, his lovely wife Evelyn, and their four-year-old daughter, Carol, are now living in a cute little ranch house in Levittown, Long Island. His hobbies include: aviation . . . especially World War I vintage, loafing, sports of all kinds, loafing, eating, and . . . you guessed it . . . loafing! George's work . . . which has been enthusiastically received by you readers . . . appears in E.C.'s three horror mags, two war mags, and two SuspenStory mags!

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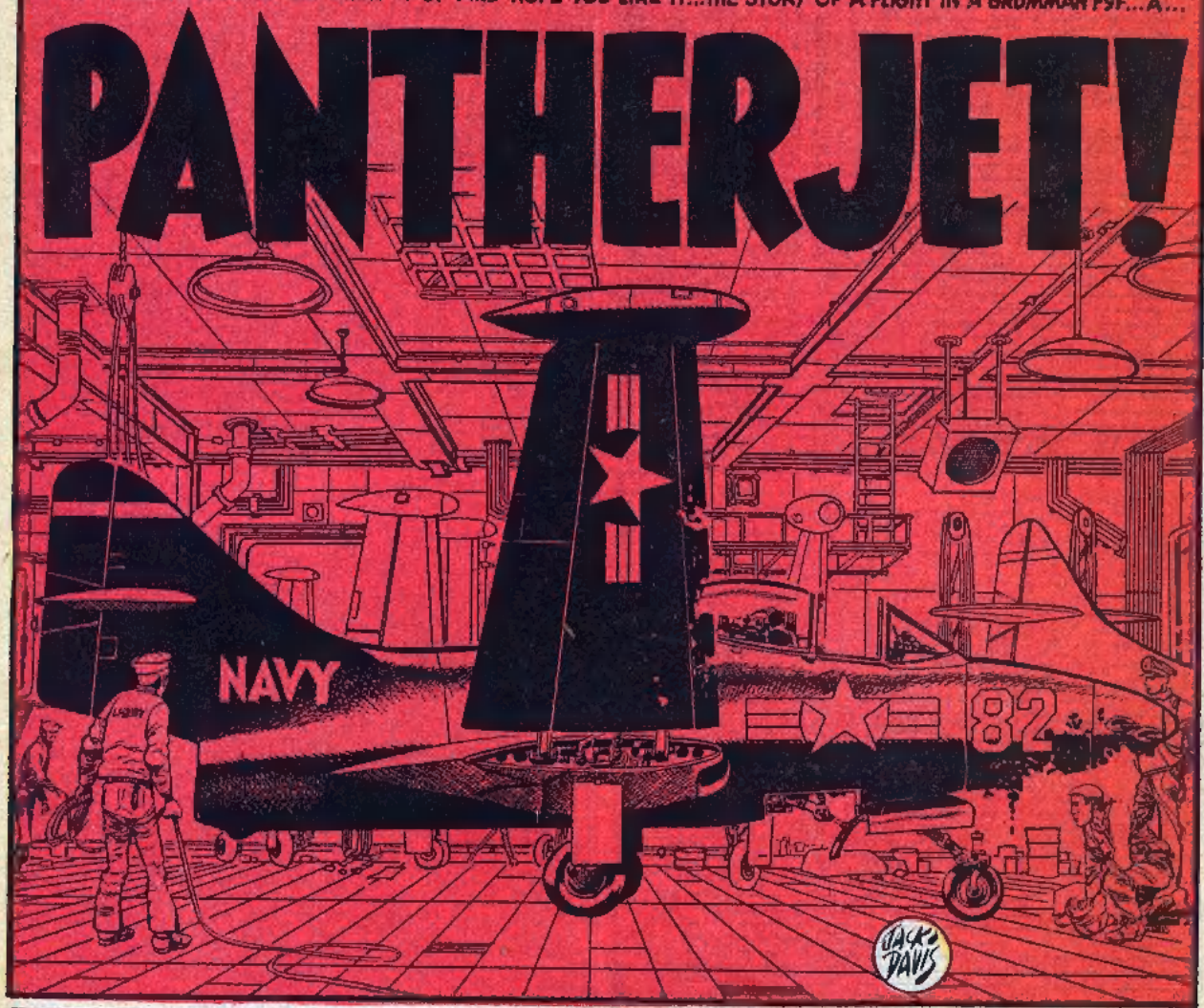
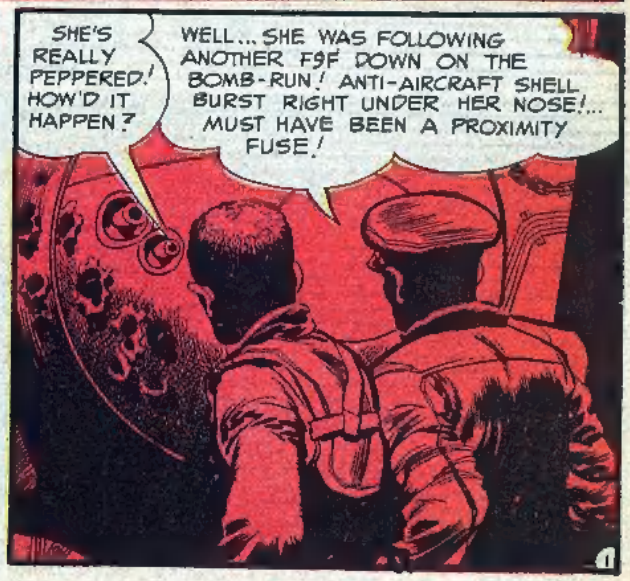
MANY READERS HAVE ASKED US FOR A 'FLAT-TOP' STORY! WE IN TURN PASSED THE REQUEST ON TO THE NAVY WHO CAME THROUGH, AS USUAL, WITH A NAVY PILOT'S EXPERIENCE THAT HAD US ON THE EDGE OF OUR BOSUN'S CHAIRS! WE DREW IT UP AND HOPE YOU LIKE IT...THE STORY OF A FLIGHT IN A GRUMMAN F9F...A...

PANTHERJET!





...THIS IS AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER! ITS DECK IS LIGHTLESS... ITS BOWELS ILLUMINATED WITH DULL RED LIGHT! NEVERTHELESS, THE DARK GLOOM THROBS WITH ACTIVITY!... PLANES BEING WHEELED INTO PLACE... AMMUNITION BEING LOADED! ... PILOTS GETTING PRE-FLIGHT BRIEF IN THE BRIEFING ROOM!

ON THE FLIGHT DECK... BLACK AND AWKWARD PANTHER-JETS SIT, WAITING TO SOAR... WINGS FOLDED TO SAVE SPACE.. BODIES ANGLED TO POINT AWAY JET BLAST!

IN THE BRIEFING ROOM, BRIEFING IS FINISHED! PILOTS TUMBLE OUT THE HATCH UP ONTO THE FLIGHT DECK!...NO VOICES...NO FOOTSTEPS! ONLY THE RUSHING OCEAN WIND!

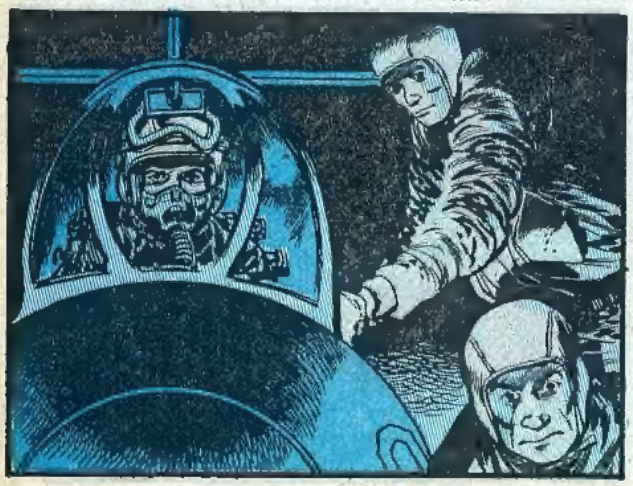
GO TO YOUR PLANE! CHECK WITH THE PLANE CAPTAIN! YELL OVER THE WIND!

NOW GRAB THE HAND-GRIPS AND HOIST YOUR-SELF UP INTO THE COCKPIT!

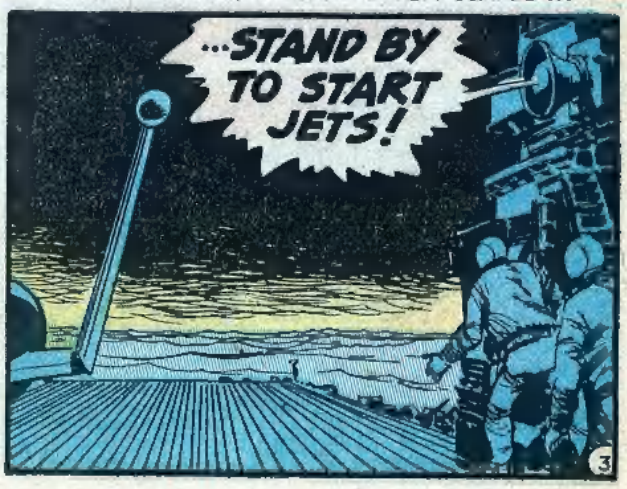
SNUGGLE DOWN ONTO YOUR SEAT CHUTE! SNAP CHEST BUCKLE, LEG BUCKLES...SHUT!

NOW...SHOULDER STRAPS, SAFETY BELT...SNAP! PLUG IN OXYGEN... RADIO...

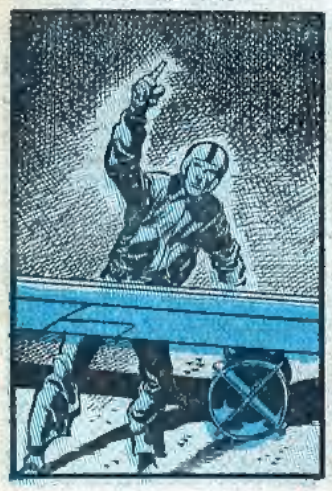
...AND... WAIT! EYES FIXED ON THE EASTERN HORIZON... EYES FIXED ON THE HANDS OF YOUR WATCH...DISCUSS THE TARGETS FOR TODAY... AND WAIT! THEN...



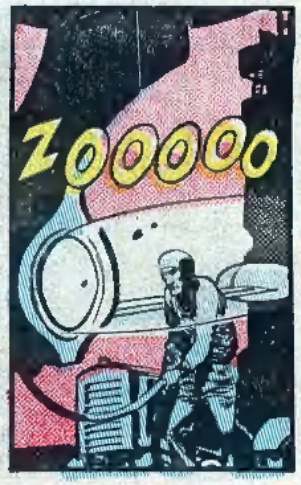
...A NARROW HALO OF LIGHT SPREADS ALONG THE EASTERN EDGE OF THE WATER! THE SUN IS RISING LIKE AN OPENING SIGNAL! A LOUDSPEAKER BLARES...



THINGS HAPPEN SHORT... FAST! THE PLANE CAPTAIN STANDS FRONT AND LEFT...



ONE FINGER!... EXTRA POWER UNIT, STARTER... PLUGGED IN! WHINE 'ER UP!



AGAIN THE LOUDSPEAKER BLASTS OVER THE WIND...OVER THE BLOWTORCH JET ROAR!

TWO FINGERS! TURN UP YOUR POWER TO ONE HUNDRED PERCENT! SIGNAL BACK...

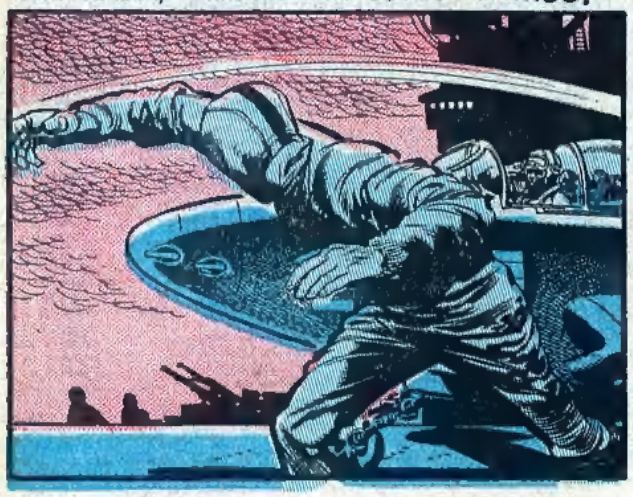
...THREE FINGERS TO PULL OUT THE STARTER PLUG! YOU'RE ALL SET TO GO!

GIVE THE O.K. SIGNAL TO THE PLANE CAPTAIN... BOTH FISTS OUT... THUMBS UP!

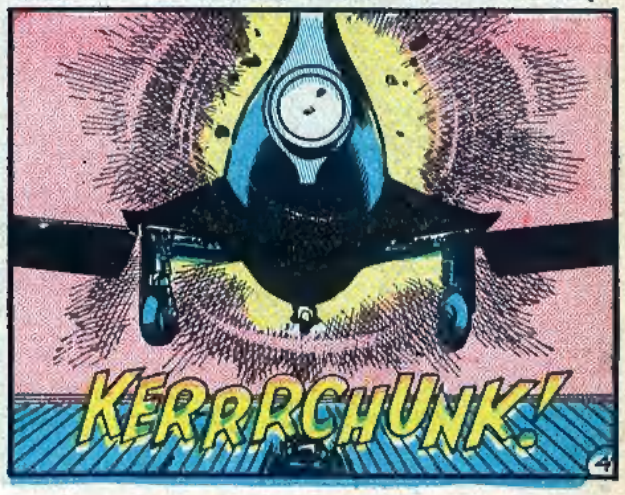
THE PLANE CAPTAIN WAGS THE TWO FINGERS BACK AND FORTH! WAIT... WAIT... WAIT...

...WAIT... TENSE... HEART BEATING... FOR THE FINAL COMMAND FROM THE BLOWHORN...

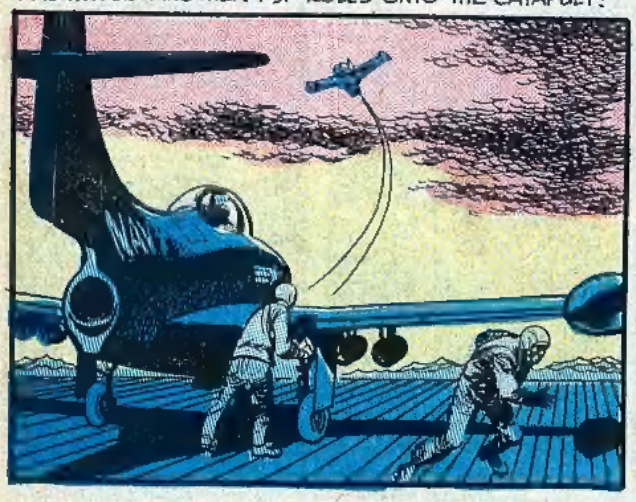
SALUTE THE PLANE CAPTAIN... THAT'S WHAT HE'S WAITING FOR! THE WAGGING FINGERS SNAP RIGID... SWEEP AT ARMS LENGTH, DOWN... POINTING OUT TO SEA... ***GO!***



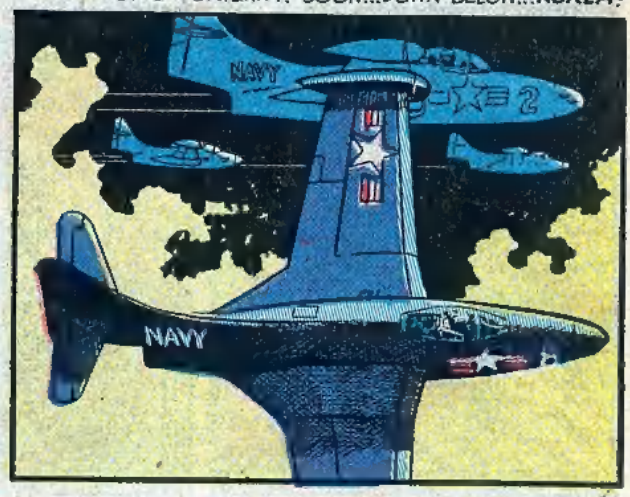
...CATAPULT!... YANKS FORWARD... ZIPS DOWN THE SLOT FLINGING PLANE... PILOT... PRESSED AGAINST BACK REST... OUT... OVER THE PARAPET... OVER THE YAWNING OCEAN!



...OVER THE OCEAN... SKIMMING UP AND AWAY LIKE A CLAY PIGEON! JOG TO PORT TO CLEAR DECK OF JET WASH... AND ANOTHER F9F ROLLS ONTO THE CATAPULT!



THE FLIGHT RENDEZVOUS!...MISSION! BREAK RAILS! HAMPER MOVEMENTS OF SUPPLIES TO THE FRONT! ATTACK TRUCKS.. TARGETS OF OPPORTUNITY! SOON...DOWN BELOW...*KOREA!*



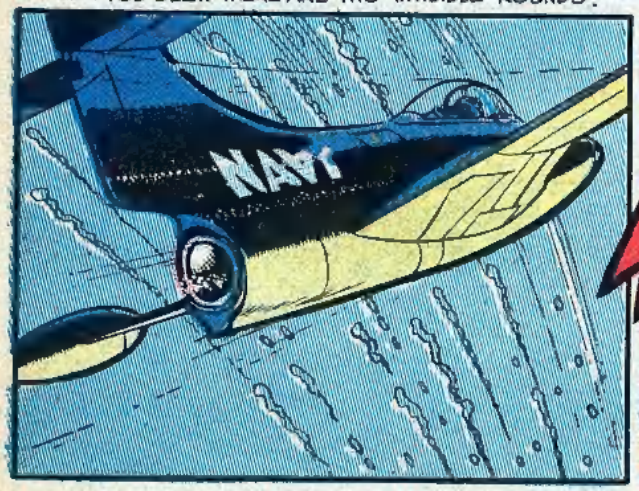
...AND A RAILROAD BRIDGE! ...A GOOD TARGET FOR THE 250 LB. BOMBS! THEN...

A TRAIN PUFFS ALONG A TRACK TO THE NORTH! ...ROCKETS!...20 MM. CANNON!

A TRUCK RACES DOWN THE KILCHU ROAD!...TAKE CARE OF IT WITH REMAINING ROCKETS!

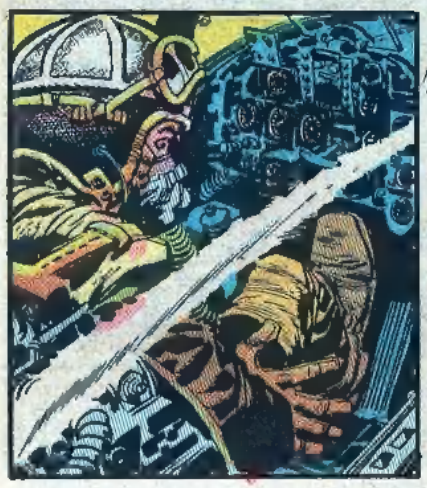
TROOPS HIDING IN A DITCH! THE FOUR 20 MM. CANNON SUNK IN THE NOSE, ROAR!

'GOLF BALLS' RISE AND SNAP BY YOU FROM THE GROUND!.. TURN INTO THEM AND GIVE 'EM A SQUIRT! FOR EVERY TRACER YOU SEE.. THERE ARE TWO INVISIBLE ROUNDS!



THE GOLF BALLS STOP! BUT THE SKY IS STILL FULL OF ALL KINDS OF EXPLODING FLAK! AND THEN, AS THE FLIGHT PULLS OUT OF A STRAFING RUN...*IT HAPPENS!*

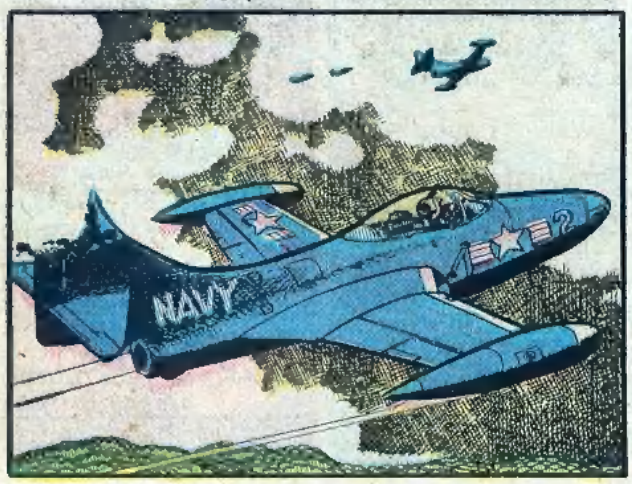
SOMETHING WALLOPS YOUR JET!... KICKS YOUR FEET OFF OF THE PEDALS... THROWS YOUR PLANE UP!



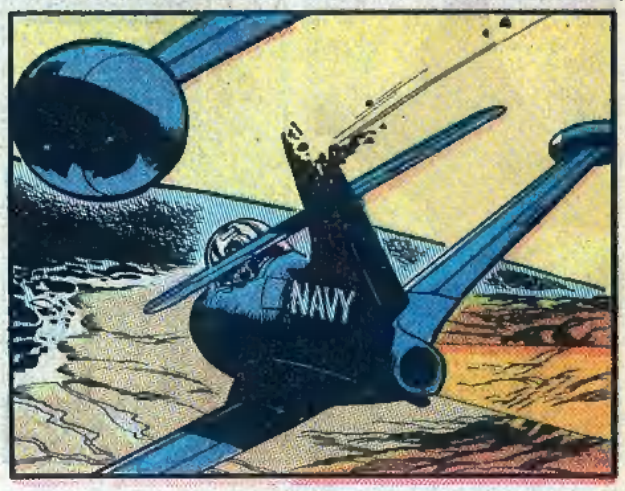
YOU'VE BEEN HIT BELOW... NO... ABOVE...! A TERRIFIC 'BURBLE' SETS IN, SHUDDERING THE EMPLENAGE!

LOOK! IN YOUR REAR VIEW MIRROR... AT YOUR RUDDER!... OR WHAT BARELY ***RESEMBLES*** YOUR RUDDER!

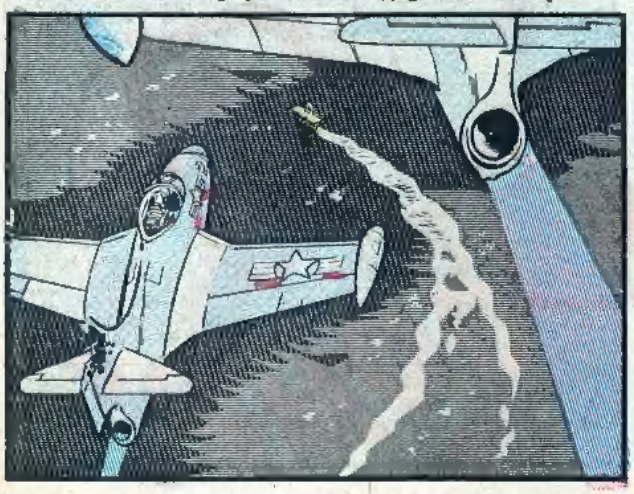
THAT'S WHY YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE HIT BELOW! IT WAS THE IMPACT ON THE RUDDER THAT TRANSMITTED BACK TO THE PEDALS! BUT DON'T WORRY! YOU'RE ***FLYING!***



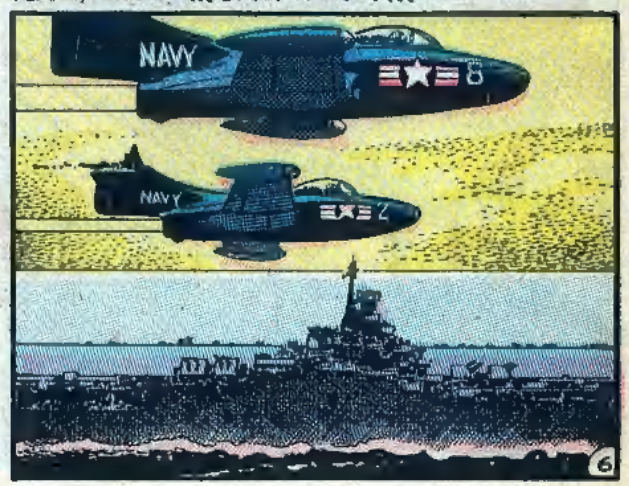
TAIL ANTENAE... KNOCKED OUT! YOUR FLIGHT LEADER IS READABLE WHEN VERY CLOSE! THERE ARE EMERGENCY FIELDS TO THE SOUTH! YOU THINK... THEN YOU HEAD OUT TO SEA!



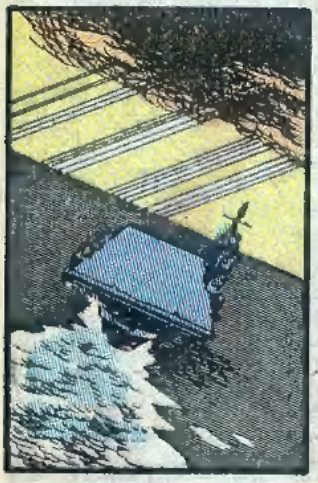
DESPITE THE 'BURBLE' YOU'RE STILL FLYING! SOON YOU SEE YOUR CARRIER... SWINGING INTO THE WIND! WHITCAPS ALWAYS APPEAR TO BE SLIDING INTO THE WIND!



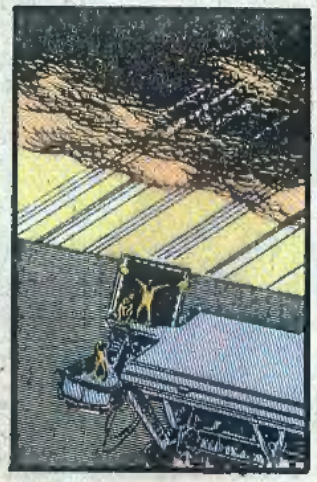
YOU COME IN ON THE STARBOARD LEG, LOSING ALTITUDE ... BREAK... THEN DOWNWIND, PORT... BREAK... DROPPING FLAPS, WHEELS... OPEN CANOPY...



...THEN YOU PICK UP THE LANDING SIGNAL OFFICER WITH HIS COLORED PADDLES!



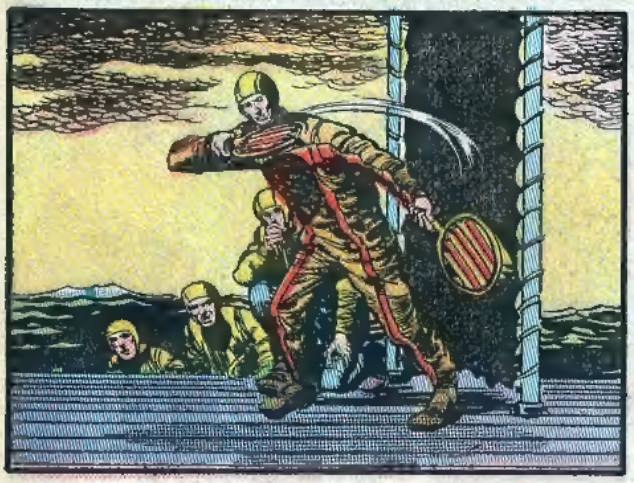
HE HOLDS HIS PADDLES HIGH! LOSE ALTITUDE! AH! THAT'S MUCH BETTER!



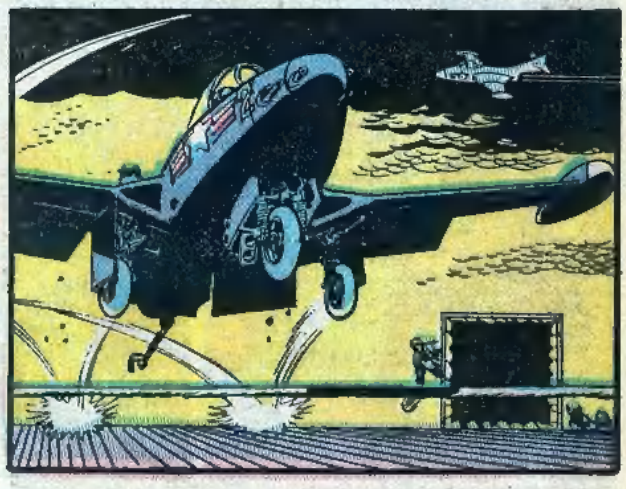
...HE DROPS HIS RIGHT PADDLE TO HIS LEG AND BRINGS IT UP AGAIN! SLOW DOWN!

...HE HOLDS BOTH ARMS OUT STEADY! ROGER! YOU'RE ON THE BEAM!

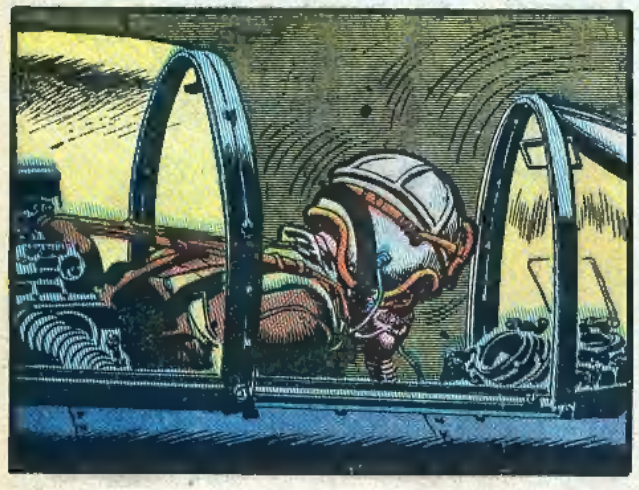
DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF OF THE L.S.O. OR YOU'LL GET FOULED UP! HE'S FLYING YOU IN! NOW! LEFT PADDLE SWINGS ACROSS! CUT BACK TO IDLE AND LAND!



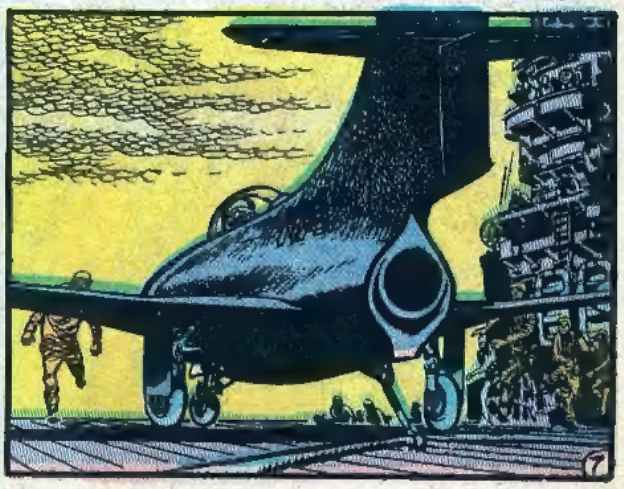
YOUR TWO MAIN WHEELS ARE SKIMMING INCHES ABOVE THE DECK! THE WHEELS HIT... SCREECHING... BURNING A RUBBER SMELL... BOUNCE AGAIN...



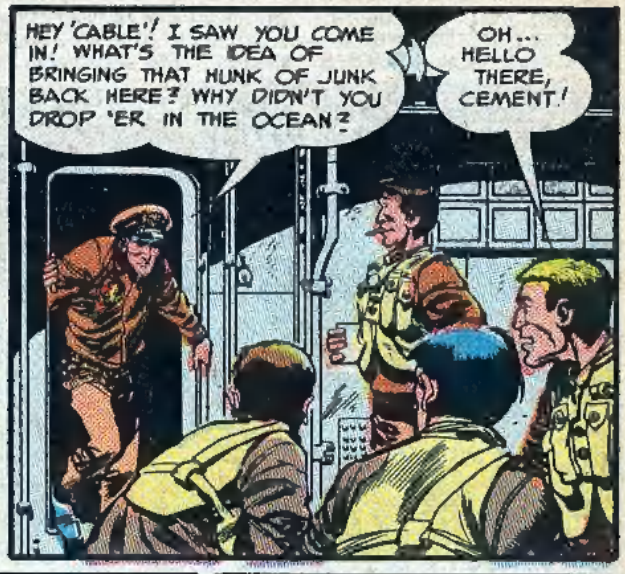
BY THIS TIME THE ARRESTING HOOK... HANGING LIKE AN OVERSIZED TAIL-SKID... CATCHES THE ARRESTING GEAR! YOU SWAY FORWARD... PRESS AGAINST THE SHOULDER STRAPS!



THE PLANE STOPS AND ROCKS BACK!... GIVE THE BOYS IN 'MAINTENANCE' THUMBS DOWN TO SIGNIFY YOU DON'T WANT ***THIS*** PLANE NEXT HOP! AND THAT'S IT! YOU'RE DOWN!



NICE GOING, 'CABLE'!
YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A TAIL LEFT!
LET'S GO TO COFFEE CHECK!


HEY 'CABLE'! I SAW YOU COME IN! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BRINGING THAT HUNK OF JUNK BACK HERE? WHY DIDN'T YOU DROP 'ER IN THE OCEAN?
OH... HELLO THERE, CEMENT!

...NOT MUCH TAIL LEFT!
YEAH! IT WAS LOT WORSE THAN I THOUGHT!

YOU SEE... WHEN I SAW THE RUDDER IN MY REAR-VIEW MIRROR ... MOST OF THE LEADING EDGE WAS INTACT! LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT EVERYTHING BEHIND THE LEADING EDGE WAS CHEWED OUT!

I MUST'VE BEEN HIT BY A SHELL THAT EXPLODED ON CONTACT!
...BUT SERIOUSLY, CABLE...

...YOU COULD HAVE LANDED MUCH MORE EASILY AT AN EMERGENCY STRIP ON THE MAINLAND! WHY'D YOU TAKE THE RISK OF BRINGING HER BACK TO THE BOAT?
WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, 'CEMENT'...

THE TAIL'S SHOT AWAY! BUT THE NOSE IS IN PERFECT CONDITION! ... PERFECT!
YOU LOOKED SO SAD THIS MORNING NOT HAVING PARTS TO PATCH THAT PEPPERED PLANE!... I COULDN'T STAND IT! I HAD TO BRING YOU BACK A NOSE!
AWW, GETATTAHERE!

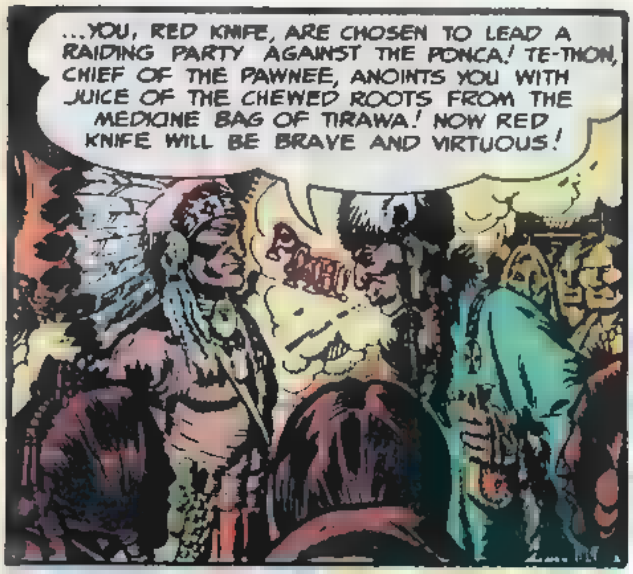
DRUMS ARE BEATING ON THE RIVER PLATTE... DRUMS ARE BEATING IN THE PAWNEE VILLAGE! FOR TONIGHT THE PAWNEE MAKES PLANS FOR THE MORNING... TO FALL UPON A PONCA VILLAGE... TO DRIVE AWAY THE PONCA HORSES... TO DRIVE THE PONCAS FROM THE HOMELAND... DRUMS ARE BEATING THE PAWNEE...

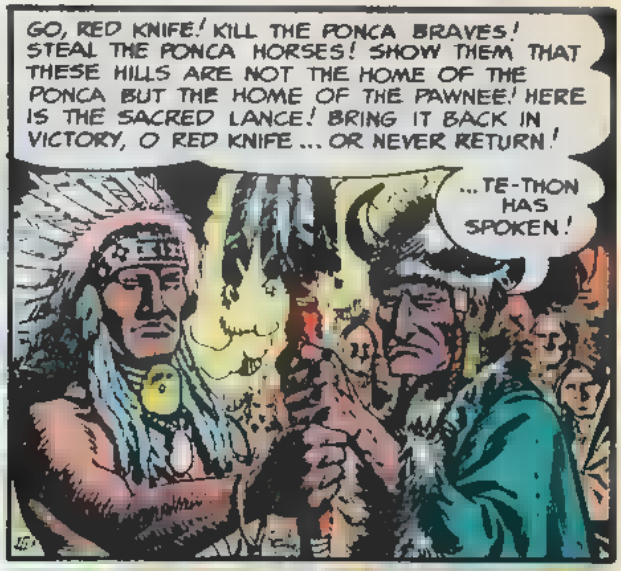
WAR DANCE!

PAWNEE BRAVES... SELF-APPOINTED 'SKIHIKSIHIKS'. MEN OF MEN... STAMP AND CHANT ABOUT THE FIRE!

PAWNEE MUSICIANS FILL THE AIR WITH TOM-TOM BEATING, DRIED GOURD RATTLING, CHARM-STICK RAPPING!

THE PAWNEE CHIEF, WHITE BUFFALO (TE-THON), RAISES HIS HANDS TO THE EVENING STAR. RISES AND ASKS FOR SILENCE!


...YOU, RED KNIFE, ARE CHOSEN TO LEAD A RAIDING PARTY AGAINST THE PONCA! TE-THON, CHIEF OF THE PAWNEE, ANOINTS YOU WITH JUICE OF THE CHEWED ROOTS FROM THE MEDICINE BAG OF TIRAWA! NOW RED KNIFE WILL BE BRAVE AND VIRTUOUS!

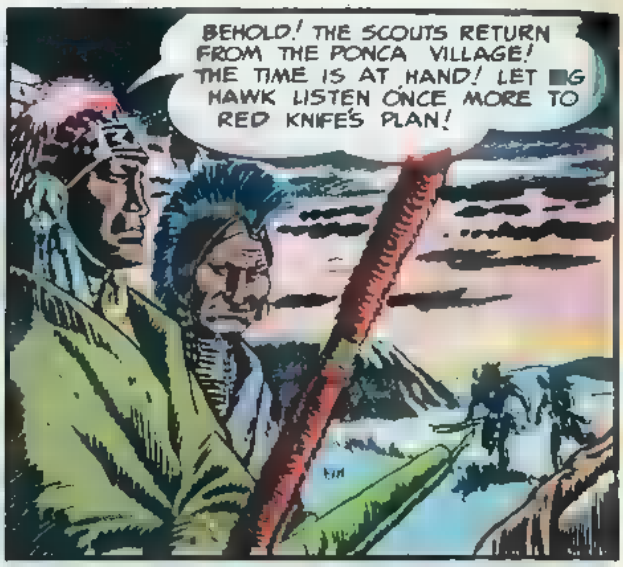

GO, RED KNIFE! KILL THE PONCA BRAVES! STEAL THE PONCA HORSES! SHOW THEM THAT THESE HILLS ARE NOT THE HOME OF THE PONCA BUT THE HOME OF THE PAWNEE! HERE IS THE SACRED LANCE! BRING IT BACK IN VICTORY, O RED KNIFE ... OR NEVER RETURN!
...TE-THON HAS SPOKEN!

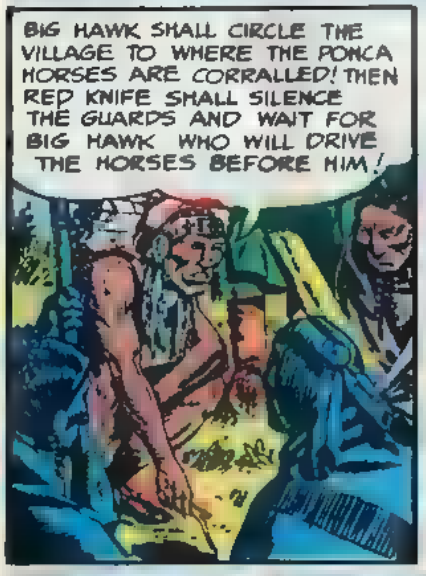
HEH-NAH!
NA-NEH!
HEYA-NA-NA!
HEH-NA
YI-YI-YI!
YI-YIII!
HIEEE!
CHICKA-CHICK-CHICKA-CHI
BOM!
BOM! BOM! BOM! BOM! BOM! BOM!
HEH-NAH!
HEY!

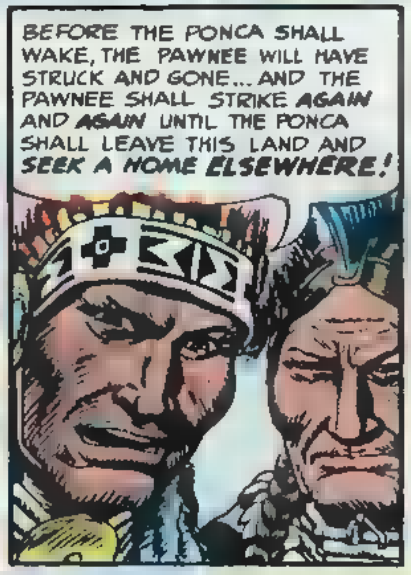
BOM! BOM! BOM!
BOM!
WA-TE
HEYO-TE!
HEYA-NA-NA!

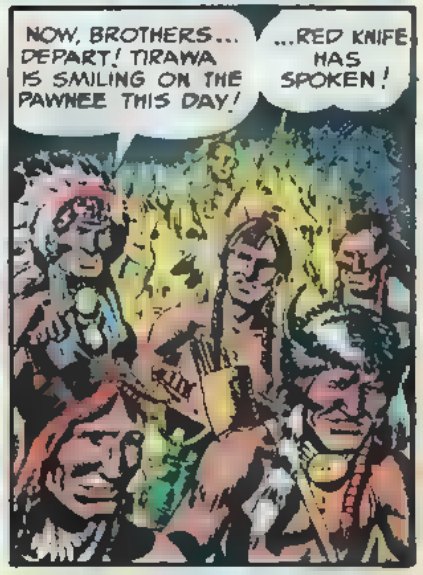
YIP! YIP! YIPEE!
AH-EEE-AH!
YIP!
YIP!
YIP!
WA-TE!
HEH-NAH! NA-NEH!

BAU-
BAU-OOOO

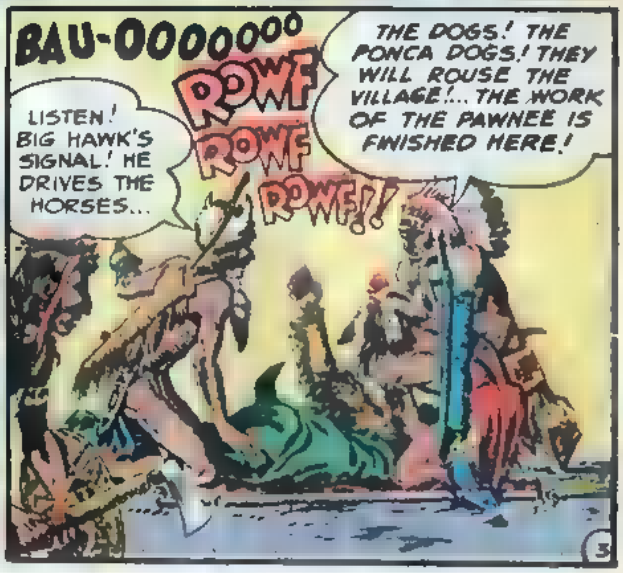

BEHOLD! THE SCOUTS RETURN FROM THE PONCA VILLAGE! THE TIME IS AT HAND! LET BIG HAWK LISTEN ONCE MORE TO RED KNIFE'S PLAN!


BIG HAWK SHALL CIRCLE THE VILLAGE TO WHERE THE PONCA HORSES ARE CORRALLED! THEN RED KNIFE SHALL SILENCE THE GUARDS AND WAIT FOR BIG HAWK WHO WILL DRIVE THE HORSES BEFORE HIM!


BEFORE THE PONCA SHALL WAKE, THE PAWNEE WILL HAVE STRUCK AND GONE... AND THE PAWNEE SHALL STRIKE AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL THE PONCA SHALL LEAVE THIS LAND AND SEEK A HOME ELSEWHERE!


NOW, BROTHERS... DEPART! TIRAWA IS SMILING ON THE PAWNEE THIS DAY!
...RED KNIFE HAS SPOKEN!

SST! ...THE PONCA GUARDS SLEEP LIKE STONES!
THE CHOKE-NOOSE WILL MAKE THEM SLEEP... ETERNALLY!

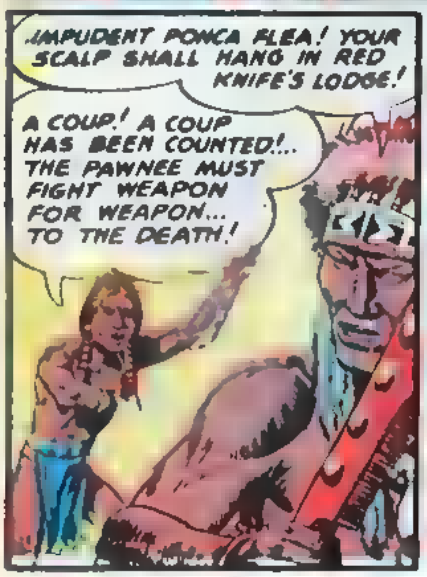

BAU-OOOOOOO
ROWF
ROWF
ROWF!!
LISTEN! BIG HAWK'S SIGNAL! HE DRIVES THE HORSES...
THE DOGS! THE PONCA DOGS! THEY WILL ROUSE THE VILLAGE!... THE WORK OF THE PAWNEE IS FINISHED HERE!

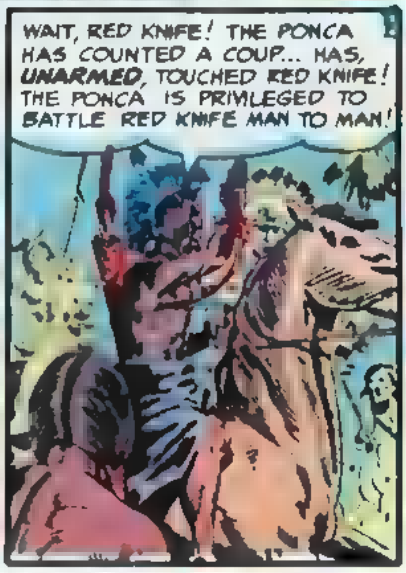
QUICKLY, BROTHERS! TO YOUR HORSES! THE PONCAS ARE AWAKE! RIDE THEM DOWN!

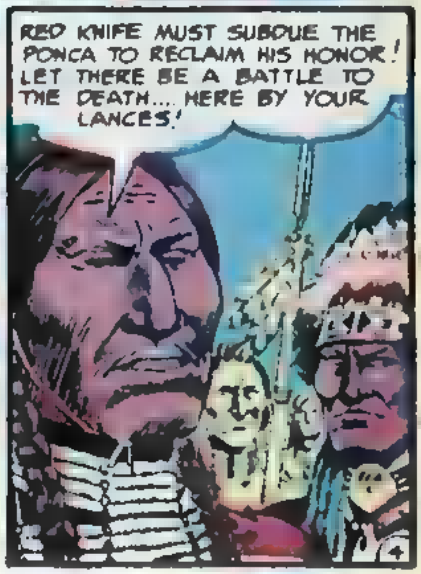
HI-YEEEEE PONCA RABBIT... HERE IS RED KNIFE'S WAR CLUB! NOW OUT OF THE WAY! YIP! YIP! YIP!
WOK!

WHAT IS THIS? A PONCA FLEA?

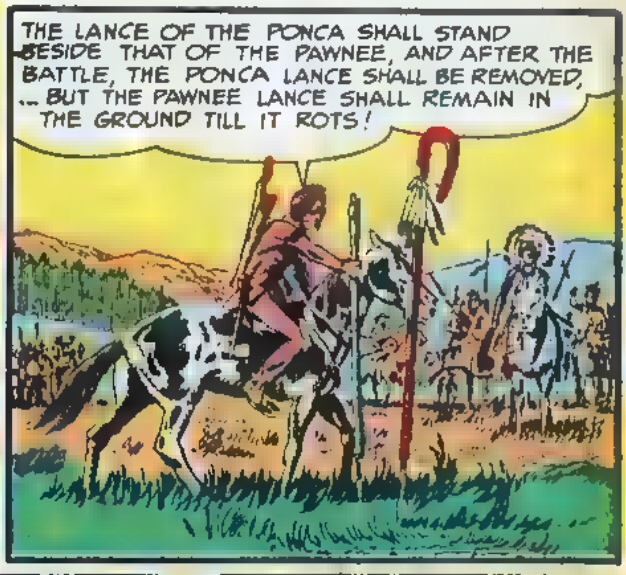
...A PONCA FLEA WITH A SHARP BITE... UGH!


IMPUDENT PONCA FLEA! YOUR SCALP SHALL HANG IN RED KNIFE'S LODGE!
A COUP! A COUP HAS BEEN COUNTED!... THE PAWNEE MUST FIGHT WEAPON FOR WEAPON... TO THE DEATH!


WAIT, RED KNIFE! THE PONCA HAS COUNTED A COUP... HAS, UNARMED, TOUCHED RED KNIFE! THE PONCA IS PRIVILEGED TO BATTLE RED KNIFE MAN TO MAN!


RED KNIFE MUST SUBDUE THE PONCA TO RECLAIM HIS HONOR! LET THERE BE A BATTLE TO THE DEATH.... HERE BY YOUR LANCES!

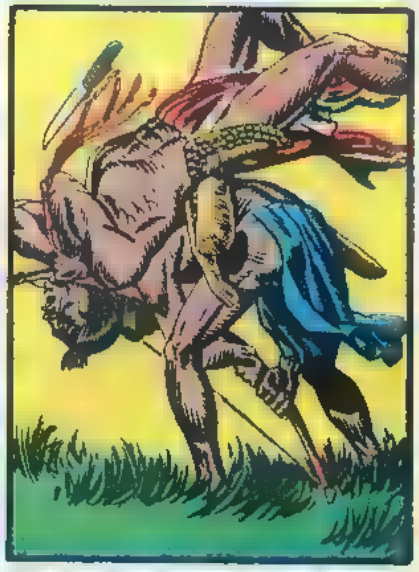
SO BE IT! HERE THEN IS RED KNIFE'S SACRED LANCE WHICH HE SHALL NOT LEAVE UNTIL THE PONCA FLEA IS CRUSHED AND RED KNIFE'S SHAME OF THE COUP WASHED AWAY... DEATH BEFORE DEFEAT!

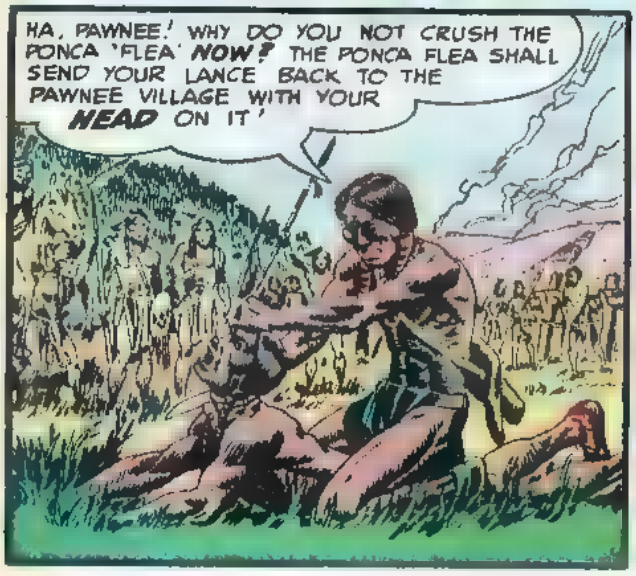

THE LANCE OF THE PONCA SHALL STAND BESIDE THAT OF THE PAWNEE, AND AFTER THE BATTLE, THE PONCA LANCE SHALL BE REMOVED, ... BUT THE PAWNEE LANCE SHALL REMAIN IN THE GROUND TILL IT ROTS!

KI-YIII PONCA BIG-MOUTH! NOW YOU SHALL DIE!

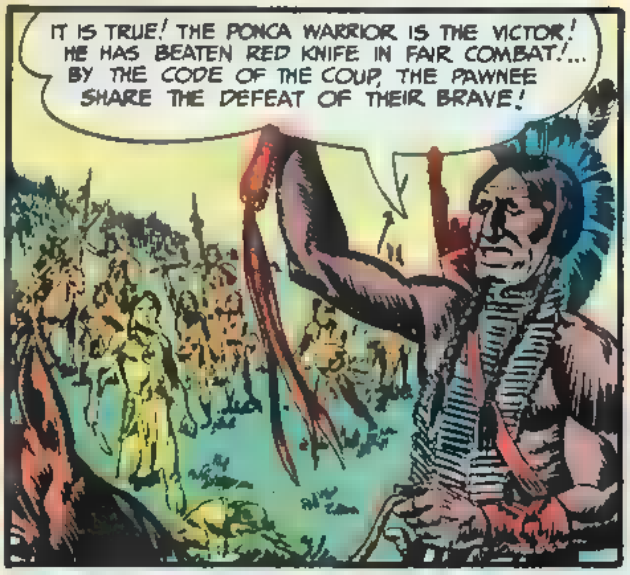
KRUNCH!

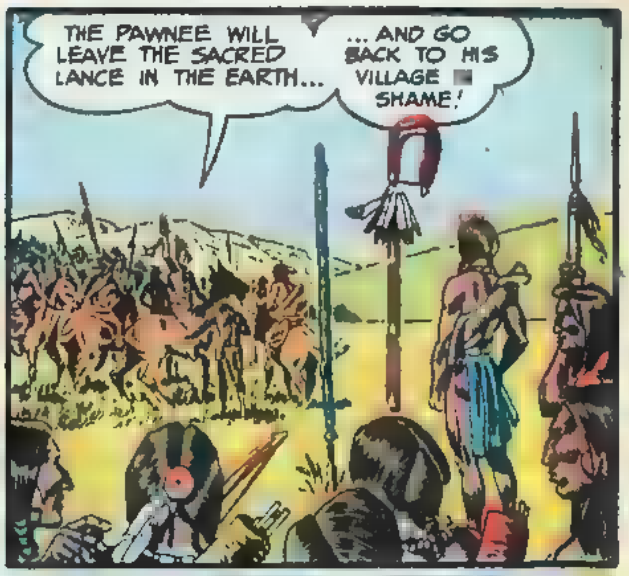
THONK!

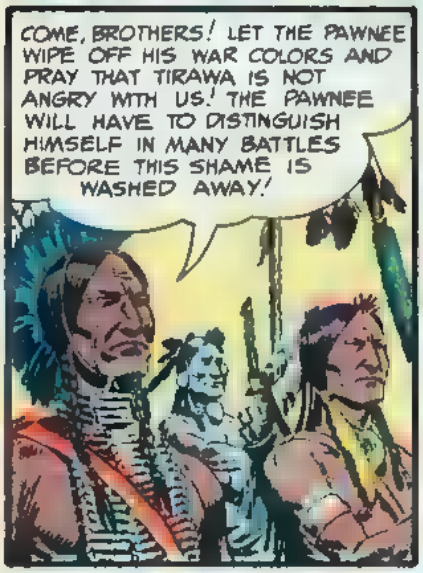


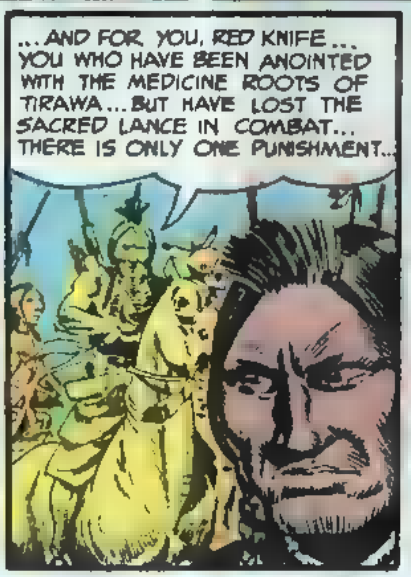

HA, PAWNEE! WHY DO YOU NOT CRUSH THE PONCA 'FLEA' NOW! THE PONCA FLEA SHALL SEND YOUR LANCE BACK TO THE PAWNEE VILLAGE WITH YOUR HEAD ON IT!

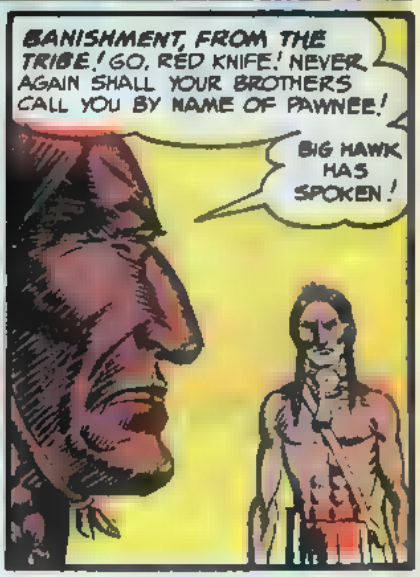
...NO... WAIT! YOU MAY GO, PAWNEE DOG! GO BACK TO YOUR VILLAGE! TAKE YOUR SHAME WITH YOU BACK TO YOUR CHILDREN... AND TO YOUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN!





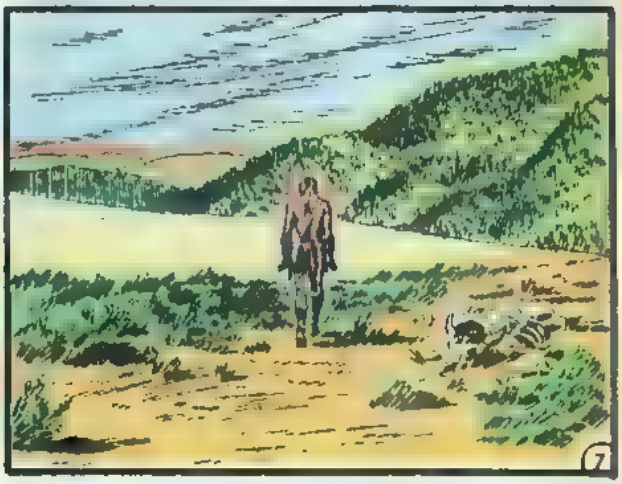




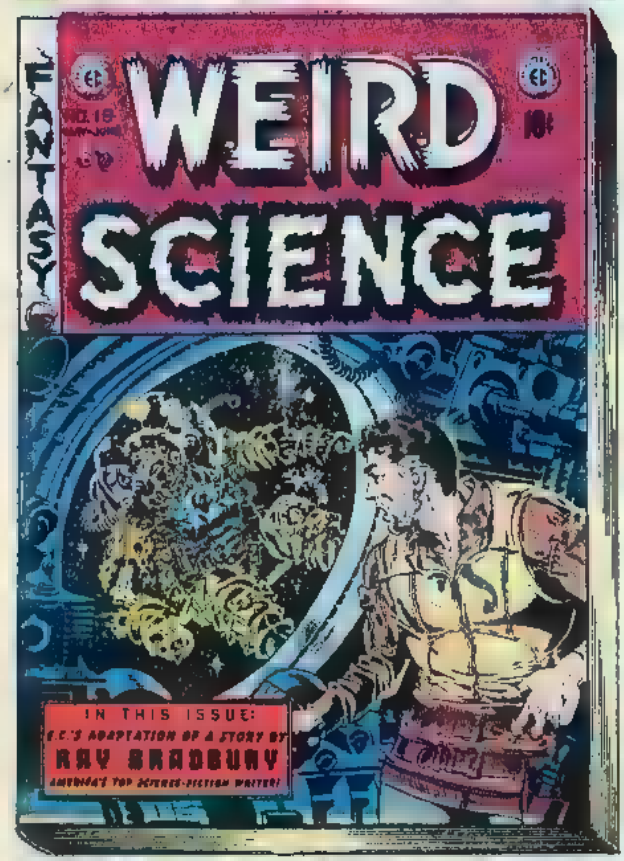


THE PAWNEE BRAVES SWING THEIR HORSES TO THEIR LODGES IN THE WEST... RIDING IN SILENCE THROUGH THE COTTONWOOD TREES, LEAVING RED KNIFE ALONE!

LODGES SHALL BE CLOSED TO RED KNIFE! RED KNIFE TURNS TO THE UNFRIENDLY HORIZON! *HE THAT WOULD HAVE MADE OTHERS HOMELESS... IS NOW WITHOUT A HOME!*



WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...



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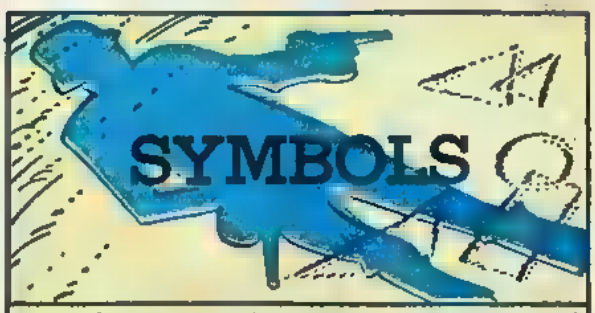

The German tanks rested on their steel haunches like great grey lions, paw-like treads pulled in close to their bodies. The German tanks squatted on the wet brown clay of a treeless plain on the edge of a little French village. The German tanks pointed their cannon toward Paris!

Oberst Conrad Von Landgraf leaned against his lead tank, tracing figures in the damp earth with the end of his baton. His silent orderly watched the wooden staff imprinting strange shapes.

Von Landgraf spoke to his aide, but there was no sign of comprehension.

"In early Syracuse there was a man named Archimedes . . . most celebrated amongst ancient physicists and geometricians! He wondered about such figures as I draw here; the sphere and cylinder, the spheroid and conoid, and the intriguing circle. Archimedes was sitting in the marketplace, drawing and examining these figures in the sand. At that time, in 212 B.C., the Romans laid siege to Syracuse. Marcellus's soldiers found Archimedes absorbed in his wonderment. Before they slew him, he implored, *'Disturb not my symbols!'* "

Commandant Von Landgraf wondered why he was reciting this disjointed history to his totally dispassionate aide. Then he thought of his family back in Germany and the esteemed position as Professor of Physics and Mathematics which he had left at the University of Freiburg. Hitler had honored him with the command of a Panzer division. Soon France would go the way of Poland! There was no time for frivolous thoughts of geometric progressions . . . only the *progressions of the Führer!*

* * * * *

Now a detail returned from the village with water and the report that the peasants had taken refuge in their church. They had naught to fear . . . the broad tanks could not pass through their narrow streets. Besides, this was only a watering stop . . . *Paris* was the objective!

One tank officer told Von Landgraf of a strange man he had found in an old house in the village. The man wore a long white robe and was the only inhabitant who had not left his home to seek safety in the church. Instead, he leaned over a table laden with glass retorts and beakers. Vapors and smoke rose from these containers. The oberleutnant had not ventured too close . . . but suspected that he was making *poison gas!!*

Von Landgraf decided to investigate for himself. He climbed the gloomy staircase of the repair-neglected house. He stepped upon a landing there and opened a door to a sun-lit spacious room which had a great skylight for a ceiling. The room was a laboratory! The man in the white frock did not turn to see the intruder.

Von Landgraf was drawn to pictures that lined the otherwise bare walls. One picture was of Edward Jenner, the English physician who discovered vaccination as a preventive of smallpox. Next to it was one of Paul Ehrlich, German medical scientist . . . born of *Jewish parents.* Ehrlich discovered anti-diphtheria serum. Ehrlich gave mankind *salvarsan,* destroyer of the specific organism of syphilis. Ehrlich had made notable research into cancer before his death. And now, Hitler was killing Jews . . . many potential Ehrlichs . . . as the Romans had slain Archimedes!

Close to Ehrlich's memorial was that of another deceased benefactor, Louis Pasteur . . . French scientist!

The man in the white coat was at no time aware of the German's presence. He peered into an out-dated microscope and made entries into a huge ledger without averting his sight from the eyepiece. There were cages of white mice and dishes of cultures on the table in front of him. The German turned and left noiselessly.

Von Landgraf had a Notice of Immunity posted on the scientist's door. The man within would not be disturbed by any of the German occupation troops that followed the Panzer spearhead.

The next day, the German tanks entered Paris! And some ninety kilometers away, on the fringe of a little French village, the sun baked a field of mud into a crust indented with the criss-cross crawlings of departed tanks.

And in one particular spot, where the treads had not traversed or interlaced, remained *strange geometric symbols!*

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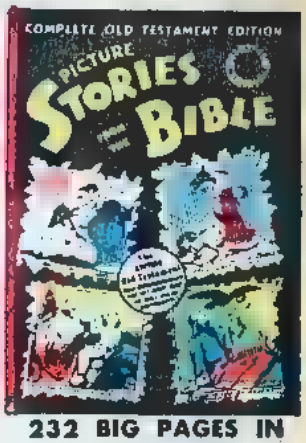

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FRONT LINES

Dear Editors:
In Frontline Combat No. 11, the story Bird-Dogs, since when did the army use horse cavalry in modern warfare?

Charles D. Norris
San Francisco, Calif.

Reader Norris is referring to our drawings showing the Chinese Army with their horse-drawn artillery. Not only have the Chinese used horses extensively, but we've been told they have used oxen and camels on occasion!—editors

. . . In Bird-Dogs, I noticed that the bullet hit the top of the plane without the pilot noticing it. It couldn't have reached the top without first going up through a side window. Yet it left no hole. Please explain!

Tony Fandino
N. Y. C.

Well, first of all, the side window was wide open, as it usually is when the occupants are observing. Secondly, we were told by veteran pilots that very often a plane would be hit many times and the pilot would never know it till he'd landed.—ed

. . . In F.C. No. 11, it says that the Armed Forces consist of the Army, Navy, and the Air Force. You might not know, but there also is a Marine Corps! And all us Marines here at Atlanta General Depot did not like what we saw in your comic.

Pfc. Keeney—USMC
Atlanta, Ga.

Sorry we couldn't include the Marines in our paragraph. Actually we were squeezed for space, and we lumped all the branches of the service under the three basic headings. As a point of information, the Marines are part of the Navy!—ed

. . . In "Rough Riders," you say the Spaniards blew up the Battleship Maine. Our history book says it blew up mysteriously and no one knew exactly what happened

Stanley Pelley
Marion, Ind.

True! The cause of the sinking of the Maine has never been discovered, but it is popularly believed that the Maine was blown up by a Spanish electric mine exploding in Havana harbor, and detonated by an unknown hand on the Spanish-held mainland.—ed.

. . . You say that Teddy Roosevelt led the Rough Riders up San Juan Hill. The charge was not led by Teddy Roosevelt, but by a Cuban that was killed in the charge

Alton Cook, Jr.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

. . . The so-called charge of San Juan Hill was not really a charge at all. Because the bushes and trees were so thick, the Rough Riders had to crawl and move very slowly.

Roland Ward
Dayton, Ohio

The charge up Kettle Hill, popularly called San Juan Hill, did have a bit of "charge" here and there. But we do admit a soldier running up the hill would either collapse from exhaustion or from exposure to bullets long before he got to the top! Teddy Roosevelt was not the first man up the hill. But he was indeed in the forefront at all times, and had a lot to do with sparking the charge.—ed.

. . . In Rough Riders, you have some of the soldiers using what appear to be cap and ball pistols. These guns went out of style around the Civil War period.

Paul Slezak
Woodside, L. I.

. . . In Rough Riders, you show a soldier using the old Colt Dragoon percussion revolver. At the time the official Army side-arm was the Colt .45 single action Army pistol. Aside from this, your drawings of guns have been really terrific and accurate.

Mark Buckkeim
Queens, N.Y.

. . . In Rough Riders, don't you think that the idea of a trooper being eaten by land crabs was rather ridiculous!

Alfred Zamuckcili
Philadelphia, Pa.

Not ridiculous, at all! A few of the troopers WERE eaten by the land crabs, according to eye-witness accounts, and it was suspected that some of the troopers, though wounded, were still alive while being devoured! —ed.

. . . In the story, Lufbery, you drew Luf's top machine-gun firing without him touching it

Jim Hall
Pleasant Gap, Pa.

The Lewis machine-gun shown on Luf's wing was operated by a cable control triggered from the cockpit.—ed.

. . . You guys are always accurate, but what gives with the lioness sitting next to Lufbery?

Mike Oliveri
Washington, D. C.

The lioness was one of a pair of cubs kept as mascots by the Lafayette Escadrille. The cubs were named Whiskey and Soda!—ed

. . . I read "Sailor"! Then I saw a sailor on television who got the Silver Star, and was a Medical Corpsman, and just fitted the story. His name was Bill Martinez. Was this story based on him?

Dick Gillespie
Topeka, Kansas

Right! We were pleased to see Corpsman Martinez on the Herb Shriner TV show too! (We believe Martinez won $1800 at that show!)—ed

Before closing, just a reminder that subscriptions are 75c per year . . . six issues . . . and the big 128 page TWO-FISTED ANNUAL, with 16 yarns from 1951-1952, is 25c. Address for mail, subscriptions, or Two-Fisted Annual orders is:

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Frontline Combat
Room 706, Dept. 13
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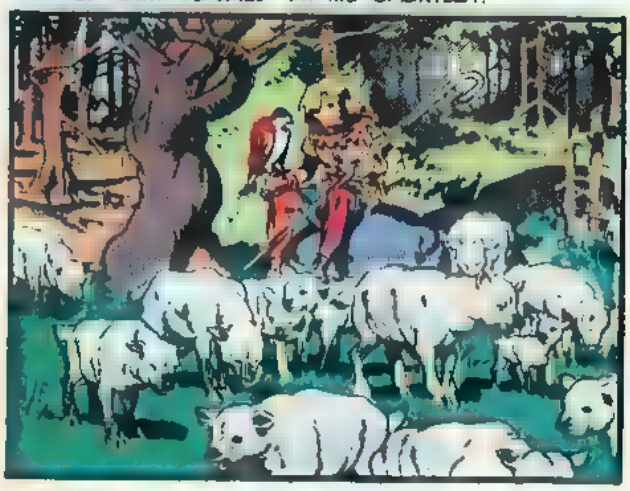
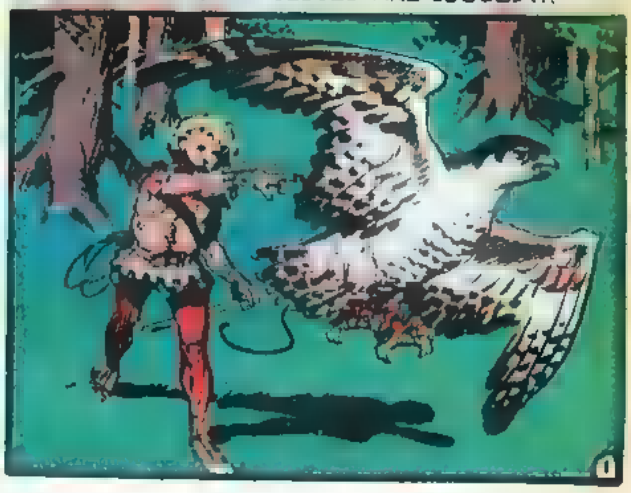
TIME! 1016 A.D.!...PLACE! THE SCHWARZWALD! THE ***BLACK FOREST***... SO NAMED SINCE THE CLUSTERS OF FIR AND PINE CHOKE OUT THE SUNLIGHT!... A GREY FORM TROTS THROUGH THE GLOOM OF THE SCHWARZWALD, PAUSING NERVOUSLY TO STARE AT A FLOCK OF SHEEP IN THE CLEARING THERE! AND THIS IS WHAT OUR STORY CONCERNS! ***SHEEP***...AND A...

WOLF!

ON A HILLOCK, YOUNG MARK EDELBLUT, SON OF THE COUNT OF CASTLE EDELBLUT, WATCHES HIS FLOCK WITH HIS TRAINED HAWK PERCHED ON HIS GAUNTLET.

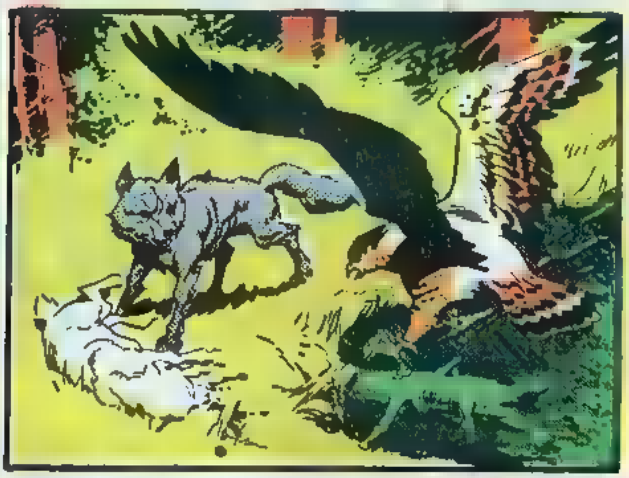


THIS IS THE CUSTOM OF THE TIMES WITH A CLEAR PURPOSE! THE BIRD FRETS...TWITCHES, EXCITED!... ***WOLF-SMELL!*** THE DOGSKIN JESSES ARE LOOSED...



AND... WINGS BEATING... METAL SPURS FLASHING... THE HAWK RISES STRAIGHT UP INTO THE SUNSHINE, SEEKING A GOOD OBSERVING ALTITUDE!

FOR A MOMENT HE PAUSES... DRIFTS IN AN IDLE CIRCLE... HEAD COCKED RIGHT, LEFT... HIGH ABOVE THE WOLF! THEN SUDDENLY... ***FALLS LIKE A SHOT...***

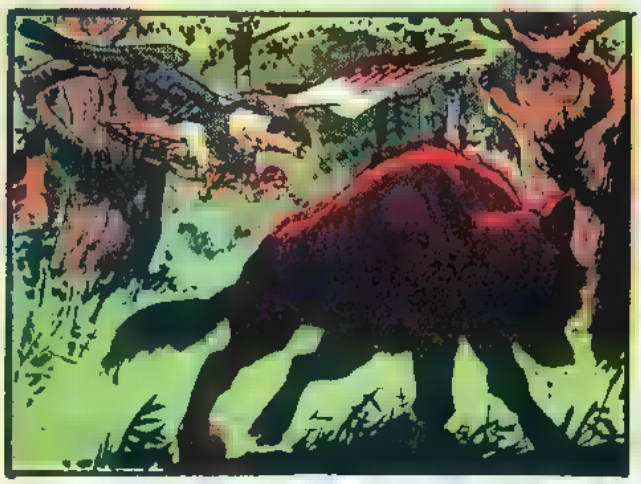


FLARES ABOVE THE WOLF'S HEAD ... THE RAZOR-SHARP SPURS RAKING DOWN AND ACROSS!

THE WOLF WHIRLS... TEETH SNAPPING AIR! DOWN AGAIN... CLAWS RAKING FACE... SIGHT...

...AGAIN AND AGAIN... AND NOW THE WOLF... BLOOD RUNNING FROM TORN FLESH, EYES... TURNS FOR HIS LIFE...

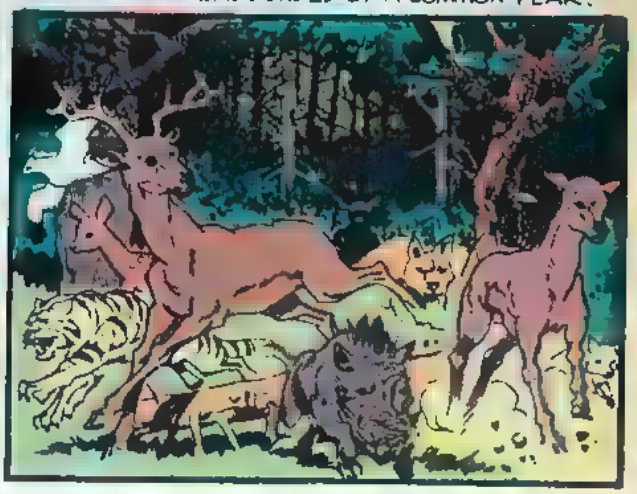
...AND RUNS, ZIG-ZAGGING INTO THE FOREST, CRASHING BLINDLY THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH, INTO THE DARK SAFETY OF THE SCHWARZWALD!



...THEN QUIET! THE TRIUMPHANT HAWK PREENS HIS FEATHERS AND THE SHEEP SPREAD OUT TO MUNCH THEIR GRASS IN THE PEACE OF THE BLACK FOREST!

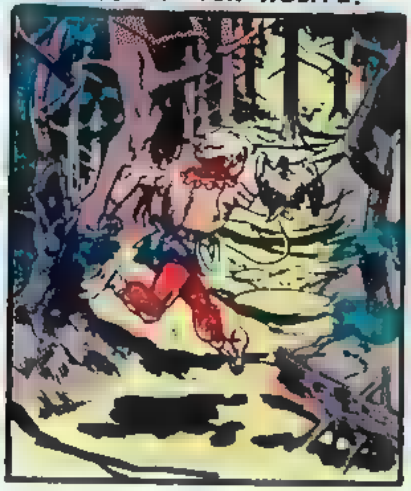
BUT THIS DAY HAS NOT BEEN ORDAINED FOR PEACE! AS THE SUN REACHES ITS ZENITH... THE QUIET SCHWARZWALD COMES ALIVE WITH BREAKING AND CRASHING..

...AND ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING CAN BE SEEN FOREST ANIMALS... DEER, ROEBUCK, WILD BOAR, LYNX... RUNNING TOGETHER! BONDED BY A COMMON FEAR!



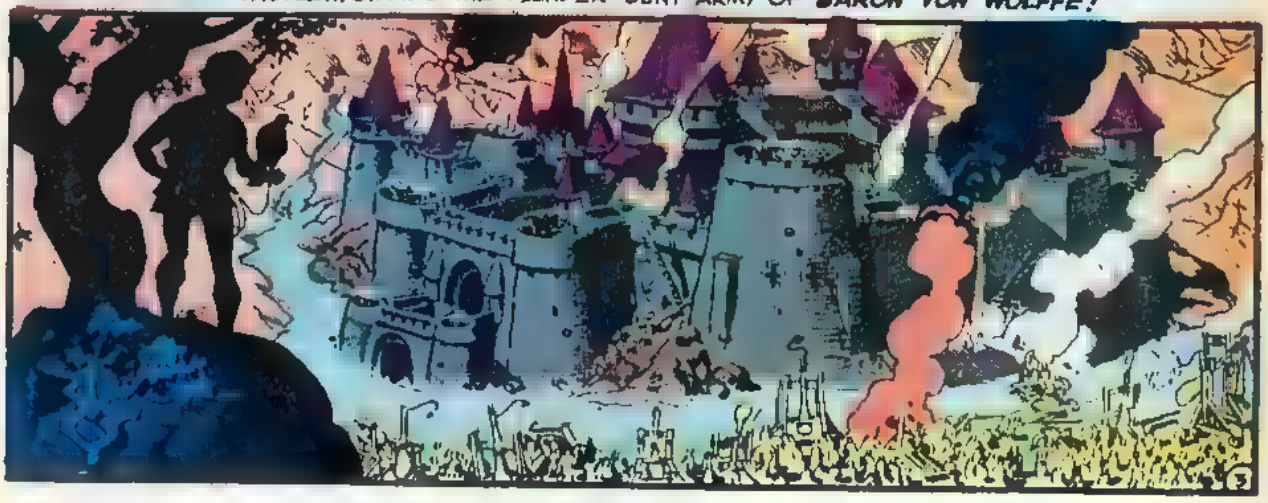
RUNNING FROM THE ***NORTH***... NOT FROM A FOREST FIRE BUT FROM SOMETHING FAR WORSE THAN A FIRE...

... ***AN ARMY!***... FOUR LEAGUES TO THE ***NORTH*** LIES THE CASTLE OF THE ROBBER BARON ***VON WOLFFE!***



... AND AS YOUNG MARK CLIMBS A SUMMIT OVERLOOKING HIS FATHER'S CASTLE...HIS WORST FEARS ARE CONFIRMED.

...FOR DOWN BELOW IS INDEED THE ARMY THAT HAS FLUSHED THE ANIMALS OF THE FOREST BEFORE IT...AN ARMY THAT HAS SACKED A FULL TWENTY CASTLES ON THE RHINE! AND NOW DRAWN UP BEFORE ANOTHER VICTIM... ***EDELBLUT CASTLE***... STANDS THE PLUNDER-BENT ARMY OF ***BARON VON WOLFFE!***

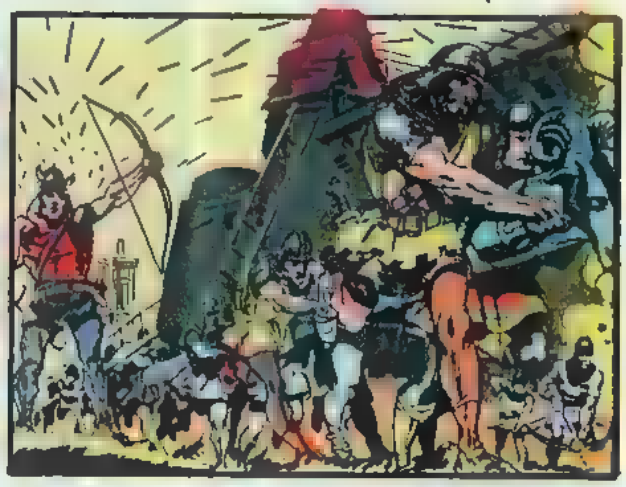


THE MERCENARY ARMY OF BARON VON WOLFFE... DRESSED IN A MOTLEY BUT NEVERTHELESS DEADLY ARRAY OF CHAIN HAUBERKS AND CONICAL HELMETS...

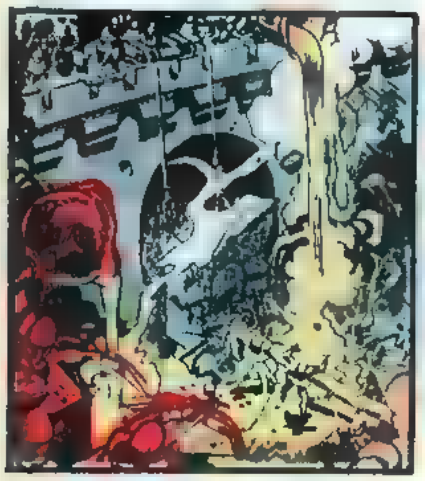
...AND, IN A LARGE WOLFSKIN CAPPED WITH ATTACHED HEAD, SITS THE *BARON*...FILLING THE WOLF'S SCOOPED-OUT BRAINCASE WITH A BRAIN NOT TOO DIFFERENT!

THE ATTACK HAS BEGUN! THE BALLISTA BOOMS OVER THE WEAK WHISPERS OF DEFENDING ARROWS! SIXTY-POUND STONES CAROM ALONG THE RAMPARTS...

...AND NOW, UNDER A PROTECTIVE CANOPY OF ARROWS, A WAVE OF MERCENARIES SURGE FORWARD WITH SCALING LADDER AND BATTERING RAM!

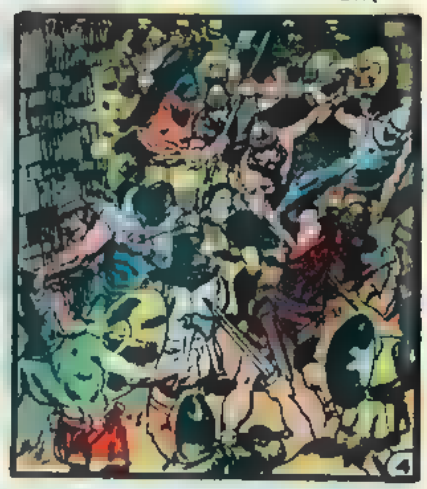


A PAD DESCENDS BETWEEN THE PORTCULLIS AND RAM WHILE MOLTEN LEAD WELDS THE RAM TO ITS WIELDERS!



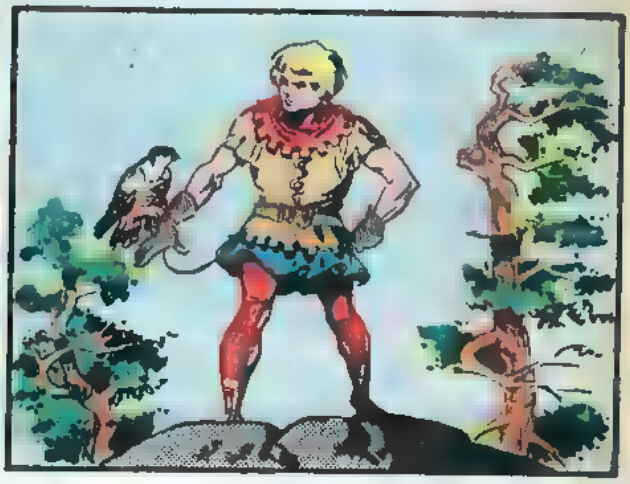
FORKED STICKS, LIKE SNAKE TONGUES, DART FROM EMBRASURES, TOPPLING SOLDIER-LADEN LADDERS!

CLEFTS WORN IN THE WALL BY THE BALLISTAS ARE QUICKLY FILLED WITH DEFENDING AXE AND PIKE-MEN!



BUT THE DEFENDERS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE SUPERIOR FORCES OF VON WOLFFE. SOON THE MERCENARIES WILL FORCE A BREACH IN THE CASTLE WALL!

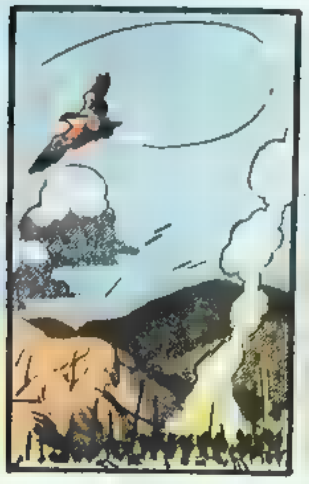
SO PONDERS MARK AS HE WATCHES THE UNEVEN BATTLE WITH SINKING HEART!... AND THEN HE HAS AN IDEA! QUICKLY HE DRAWS HIS DAGGER...



...CUTS THE JESSES AND BELLS AND HIS HAWK RISES FREE... SILENT... DANGEROUS!

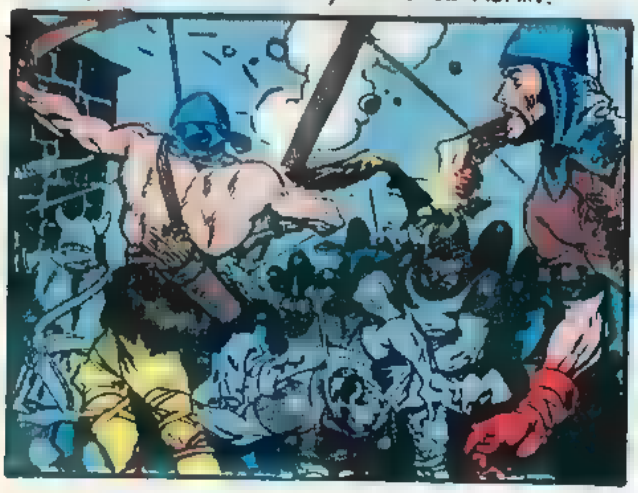
IT'S BEATING WINGS THRUST IT HIGH UP ABOVE THE BATTLE WHERE IT CIRCLES...

AND THEN DESCENDS IN GRACEFUL EVER-NARROWING, CORKSCREW TURNS!

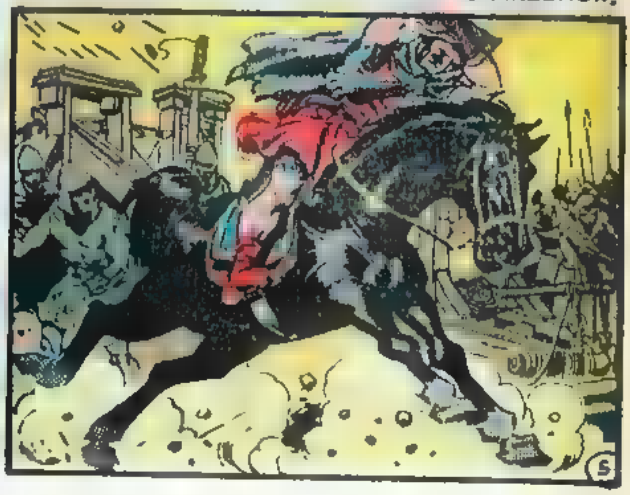


THE TARGET IS DIRECTLY BELOW AND LIKE A QUIET THUNDERBOLT, THE HAWK STRIKES!

IN THE RUSH AND TUMBLE OF THE SIEGE, THE TINY HAWK IS HARDLY NOTICED AS IT POUNCES ON ITS VICTIM, SPURS OUT-THRUST, AGAIN AND AGAIN!

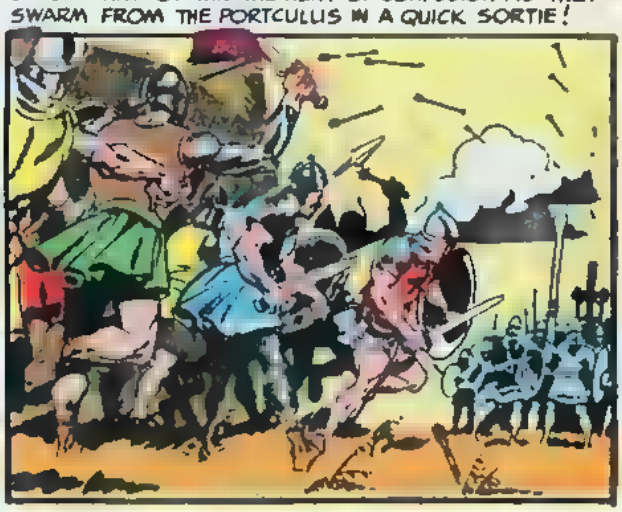


...A HOWLING BARON VON WOLFFE IS SUDDENLY SEEN MAKING A VERY BRAVE CHARGE ON HIS HORSE... ONLY HE'S CHARGING **AWAY** IN THE ***WRONG DIRECTION!***



THIS OF COURSE CREATES SOME CONFUSION IN THE RANKS, AND THE SOLDIERS PAUSE TO WATCH THE FIGURE OF THEIR LEADER FAST RECEDING INTO THE SCHWARZWALD!

THE DEFENDERS OF EDELBLUT DO NOT PASS UP THE OPPORTUNITY OF THIS MOMENT OF CONFUSION AS THEY SWARM FROM THE PORTCULLIS IN A QUICK SORTIE!



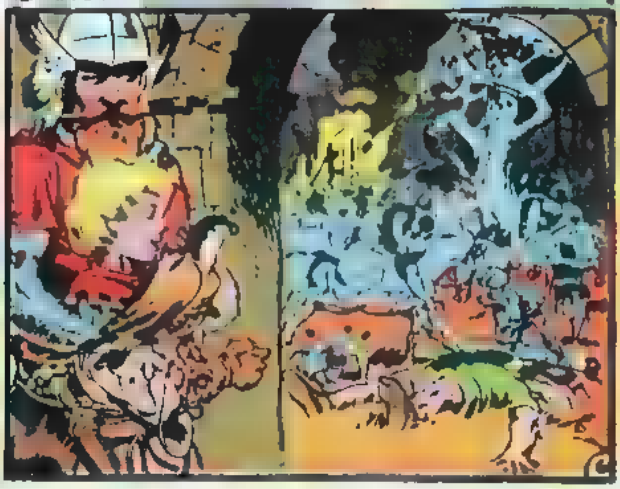
...THE DEFENDERS SWARM OVER THE SIEGE MACHINES, CLEAVING HELMETS AND BUCKLERS WITH BROADSWORD!

AND THE VANGUARD IS LED BY COUNT KARL OF EDELBLUT, SWINGING A HUGE AND TERRIBLE AXE!

THE RETREATING BARON'S ARMY IS HURRIED ON ITS WAY BY A WELL AIMED SHOWER OF CROSS-BOW BOLTS!

DEEP INSIDE THE BLACK FOREST, THE MERCENARIES CATCH UP TO THEIR LEADER WHO ROLLS IN THE DUST.. HIS EYES TORN AND BLOODY!

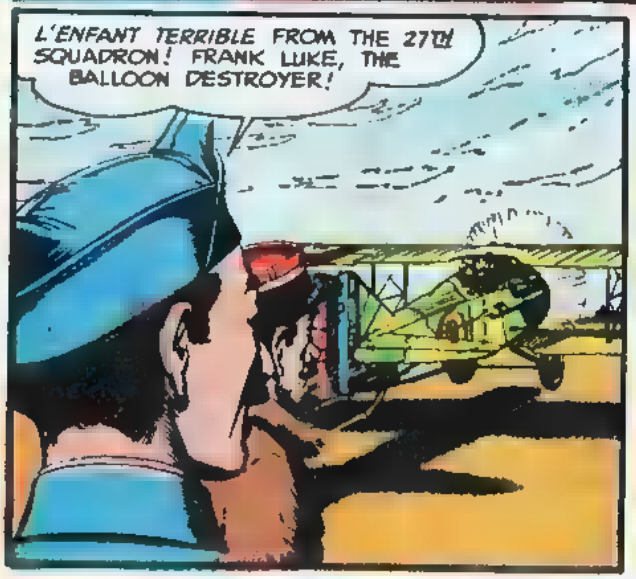
BACK AT EDELBLUT, MARK STROKES HIS FALCON WHOSE CLAWS ARE WET WITH STICKY REDNESS! AND HE THINKS...ARE NOT ALL TYRANTS SHEEP IN WOLVES' CLOTHING!



WHEN THEY TALK OF THE ACES OF WORLD WAR I... OF THE HEROES WHOSE BATTLEFIELD WAS THE SKY... THEY RECOUNT THE STORIES OF THE BOY FROM PHOENIX! THE INCREDIBLE BIG-MOUTHED BOY FROM PHOENIX! HIS CAREER WAS A CANDLE, BOTH ENDS LIT!... SHORT!... BRIGHT!... AND HIS NAME... HIS NAME WAS...

FRANK LUKE!

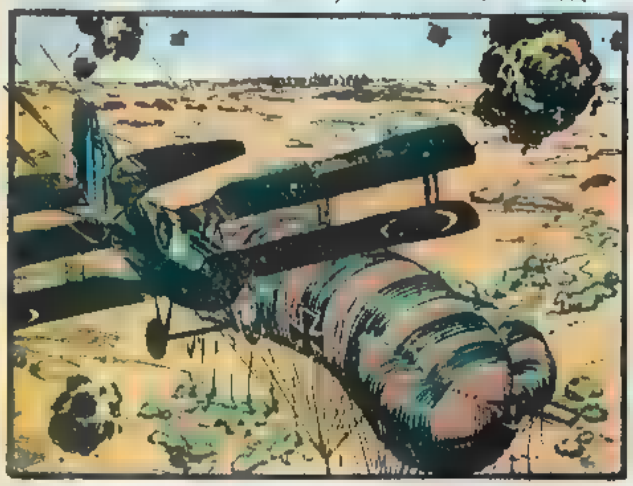
AH VOILA! IT IS THE YOUNG AMERICAN!

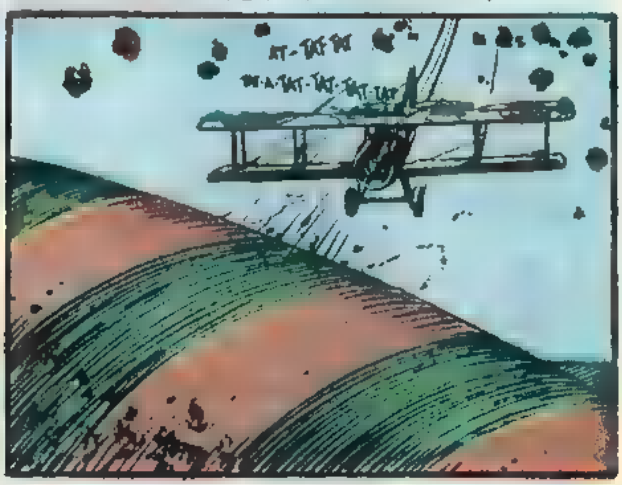


IRRESPONSIBLE, YES... BUT COURAGE... AH, MON AMI! HE HAS THE COURAGE! I SAW HIM WHEN HE DESTROYED A BALLOON AT MARIEULLES...

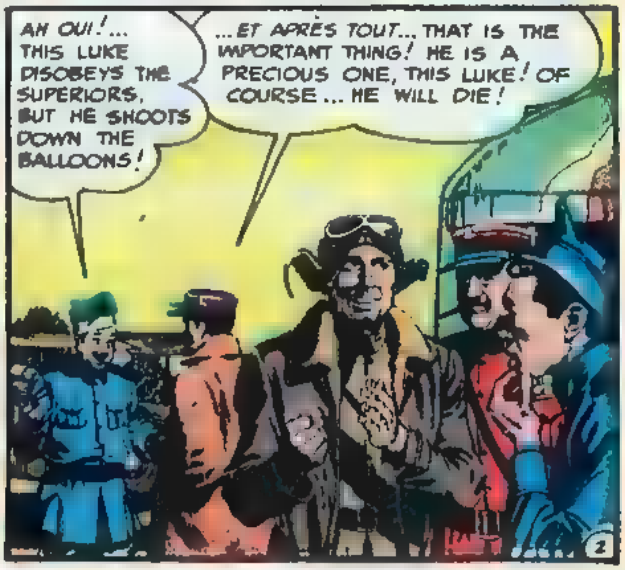
IF ONE IS ORDERED TO STRAFE A BALLOON...ONE STRAFES IT! BUT TO CRUISE THE CLOUDS SEEKING THEM...

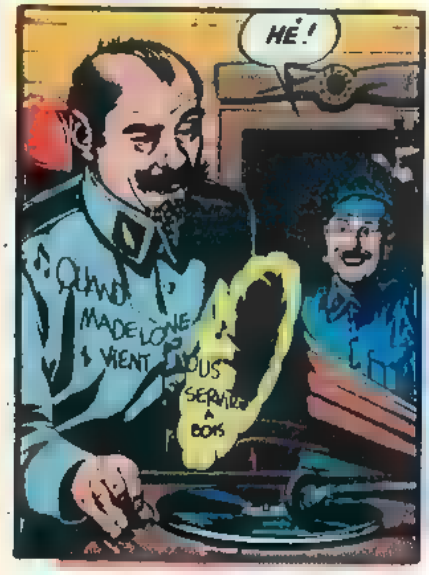
...THIS TAKES COURAGE! ENFIN... I SAW THIS LUKE DISCOVER A BOCHE BALLOON OVER MARIEULLES!

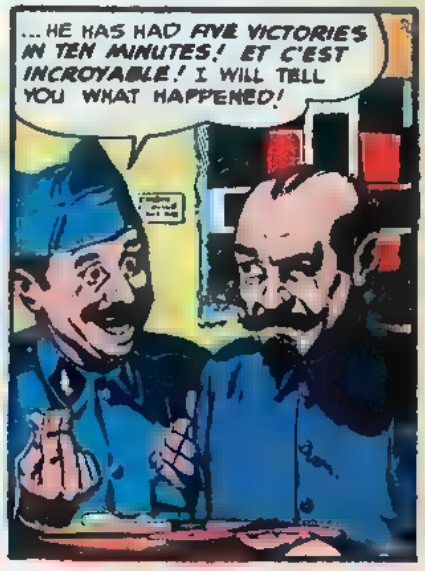

EVEN THOUGH THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS WERE BURSTING ALL ABOUT HIM... HE DID NOT HESITATE FOR A MOMENT! ■ AN INSTANT, HIS SPAD WAS DIVING!


THE OBSERVERS JUMPED... THE CREWS ON THE GROUND WORKED FRANTICALLY AT THE WINCH! MAIS, RIEN A FAIRE! LUKE RETURNED AGAIN AND AGAIN!
AT-TAT-TAT
TA-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

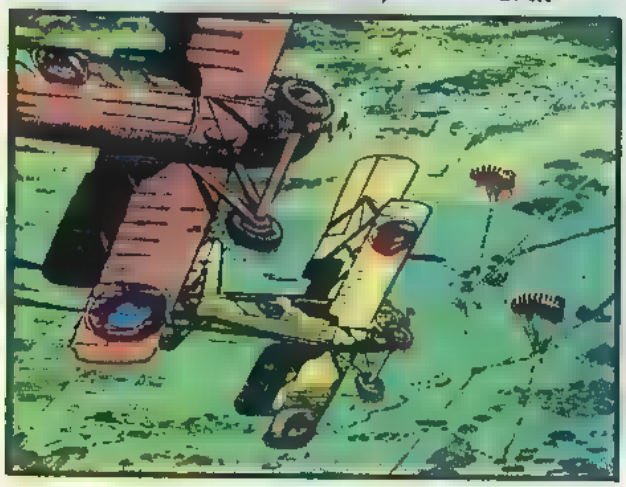
...AND THEN THE BIG SAUSAGE ERUPTED AVEC UNE BRILLIANT FLAMME! AND THIS LUKE WAS SO CLOSE, THE HOT AIR LIFTED HIS MACHINE LIKE A GIANT HAND!
PHOOM!


AH OUI!... THIS LUKE DISOBEYS THE SUPERIORS, BUT HE SHOOTS DOWN THE BALLOONS!
...ET APRES TOUT... THAT IS THE IMPORTANT THING! HE IS A PRECIOUS ONE, THIS LUKE! OF COURSE... HE WILL DIE!



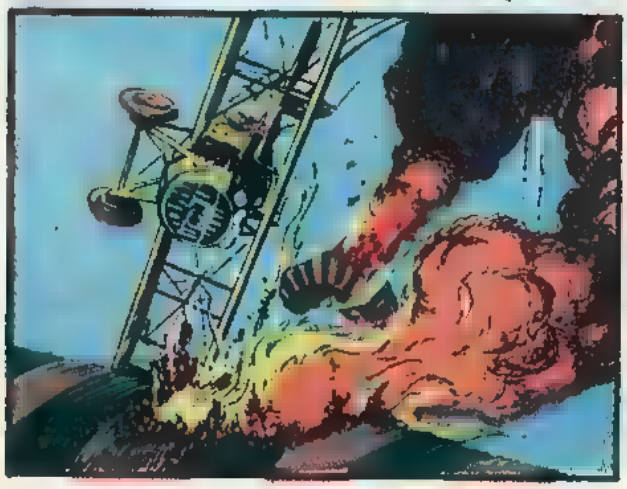


IT WAS OVER LABEUVILLE! LIEUTENANT LUKE AND HIS FRIEND... LIEUTENANT JOE WEHNER FOUND TWO BALLOONS! FOLLOWING THE USUAL PRACTICE, LUKE DIVED...

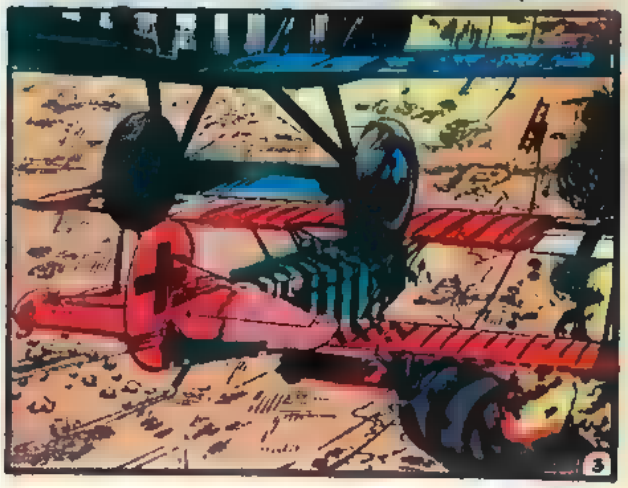


...WHILE WEHNER STAYED ABOVE TO PROTECT THE REAR! BON...IT DID NOT TAKE A SECOND TO IGNITE THE FIRST BALLOON! ENSUITE LUKE ROLLED OVER FOR THE OTHER ONE!

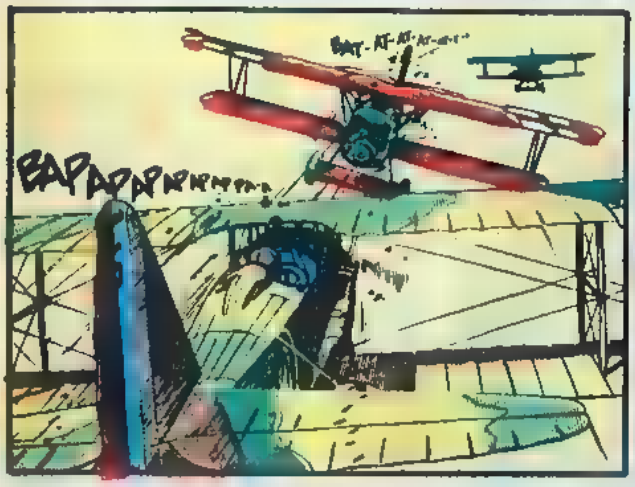
THE SECOND SAUSAGE BURNED BETTER THAN THE FIRST! CEPENDANT, A FORMATION OF FOKKERS HAD COME UPON THIS SCENE OF BURNING BALLOONS!



THEY JUMPED UPON LIEUTENANT JOE WEHNER...CLOSE WEDGED LIKE TIGRES!...TWO OF THEM SPLIT AWAY FROM THE FORMATION TO CHASE AFTER FRANK LUKE!

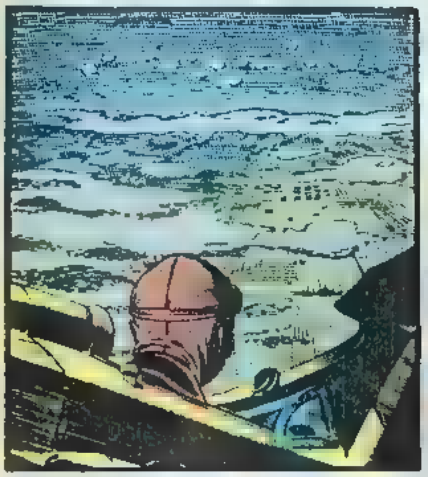


THE *BOCHE* WAS *UN FOU!* HE ABANDONED HIS ADVANTAGEOUS ALTITUDE AND CAME HEAD ON... AND ONLY HIS DEATH IN THE AIR PREVENTED A COLLISION!



THIS *BOCHE* SLANTED AWAY AND FELL! A MOMENT LATER, THE CRAZY LUKE WAS CHARGING INTO THE OTHER ONE! A QUICK BURST AND VOILA...

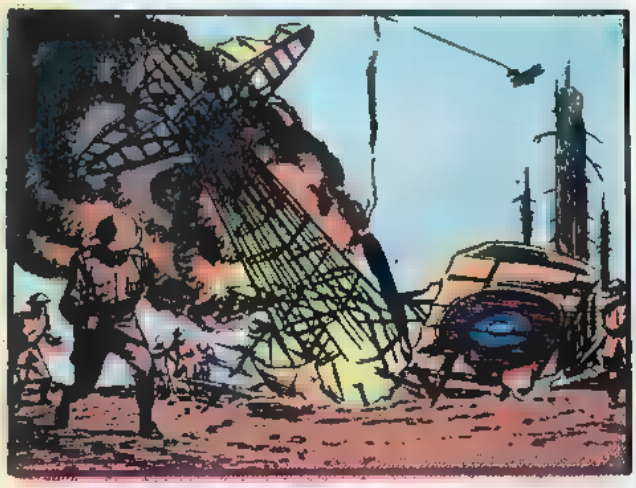
...THE SECOND *BOCHE* WAS GONE! STILL THIS MADMAN DID NOT HAVE ENOUGH! HE TURNED TOWARDS VERDUN...

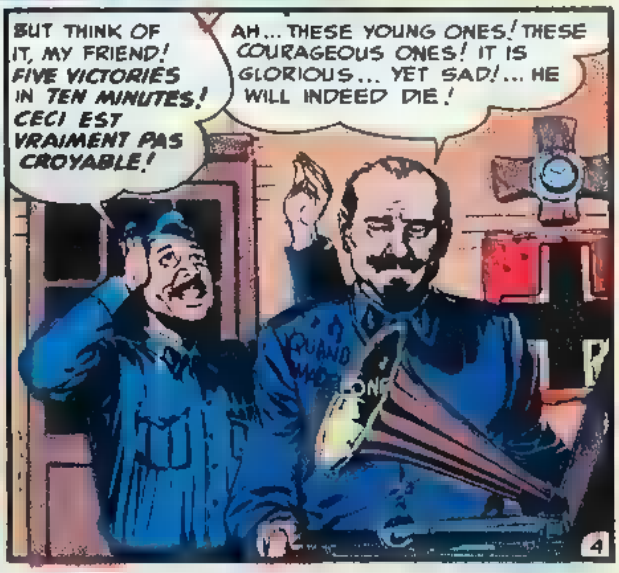


...WHERE HE SAW OUR WHITE 'ARCHY' BURSTING ABOUT A *BOCHE* L.V.G.! LIKE A ROCKET HE CAME DOWN...

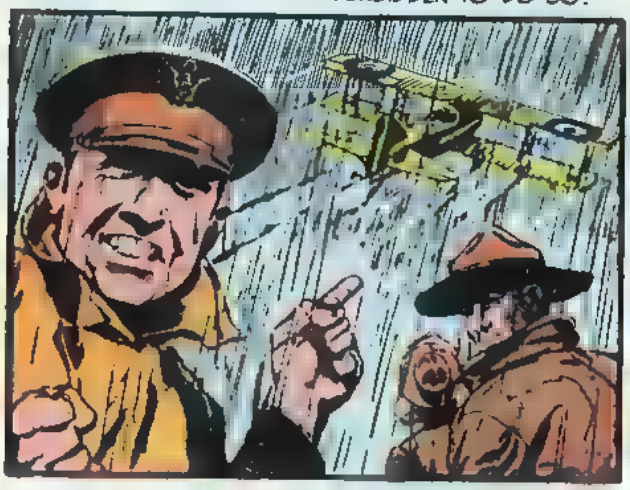
THE PILOT OF THE OBSERVATION PLANE RECEIVED THE FULL BLAST OF BOTH OF LUKE'S VICKERS MACHINE GUNS!

THE *BOCHE* FELL! AND LUKE, WITH HIS LAST DROP OF PETROL, SPED HOME... LITTLE KNOWING THAT HIS FRIEND, JOE WEHNER, HAD ALSO BEEN SHOT TO EARTH!



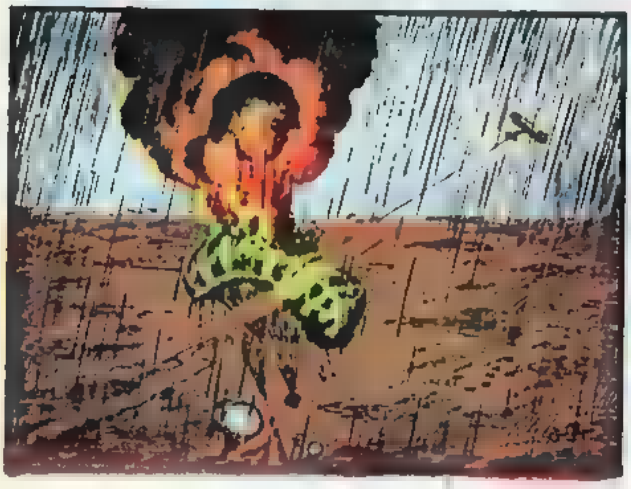


THEY JUST FOUND HIS GRAVE AT MURVAUX!... TWO MONTHS BEFORE THE WAR ENDED... LUKE LEFT THE GROUND EVEN THOUGH HE HAD BEEN FORBIDDEN TO DO SO!

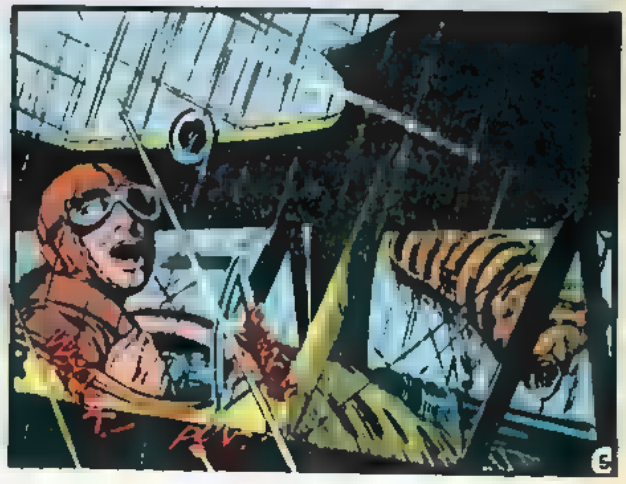


HE HAD NOT FOLLOWED ORDERS MANY TIMES BUT NOW HE WOULD BE COURT MARTIALED WHEN HE CAME BACK! HÉLAS! HE NEVER DID! AT 5:30 HE DROPPED A MESSAGE!

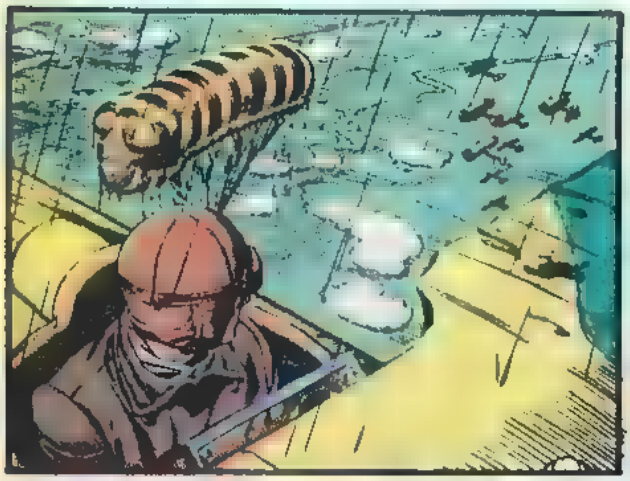
IT SAID 'WATCH THREE HUN BALLOONS ON THE MEUSE'! SURE ENOUGH... AS THEY WATCHED... TIENS, A BOCHE BALLOON BURNED ON THE MEUSE!



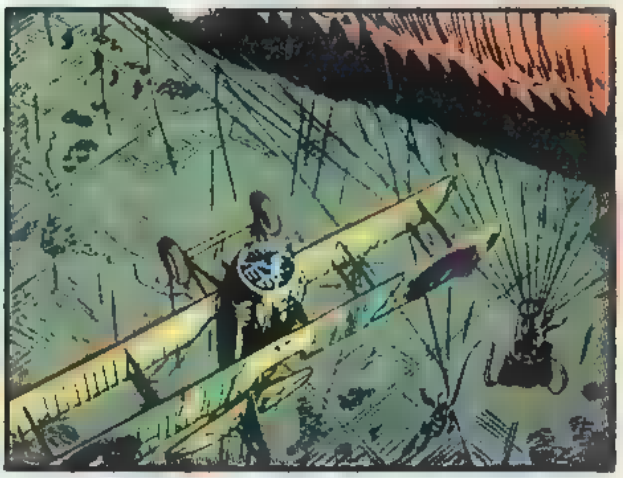
THIS FOU THEN TURNED ON ANOTHER SAUSAGE OVER THE BRIÈRE FARM! THERE HIS LUCK RAN OUT! A SHOT FROM A RAPID FIRE CANNON TOUCHED HIM!



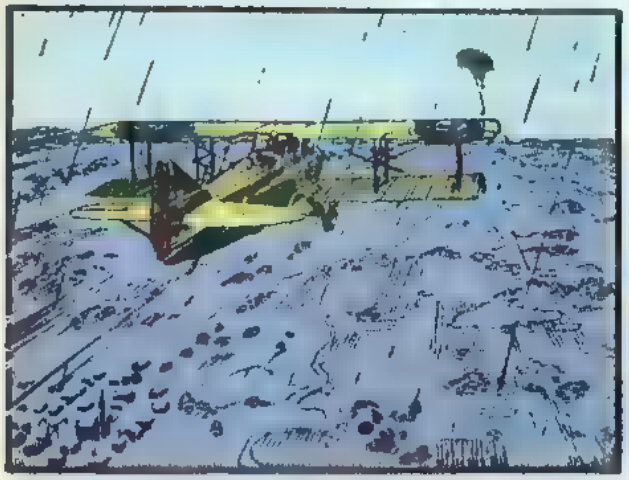
THE BLOOD SPREAD OVER HIS SUIT! A BOCHE SQUADRON CLIMBED FOR ALTITUDE OFF TO THE SIDE! BUT JE VOUS LE DEMANDE, MON AMI... DID THAT STOP HIM?



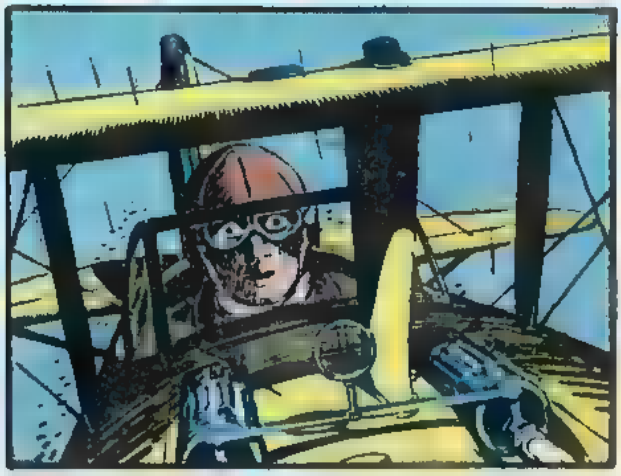
WITH THE BOCHE ON HIS TAIL... WITH THE WOUND IN HIS SIDE... HE DOVE FOR THE GROUND AS IF TO CRASH! ...THEN CAME UP- 'DER THE BELLY OF THE SAUSAGE!



NO SOONER HAD THE SECOND BALLOON CAUGHT FIRE THEN HE SPED THROUGH A HAIL OF GROUND-FIRE TO THE THIRD BALLOON THAT HUNG OVER MILLY!



TAC TAC TAC TAC! BOUM! THE THIRD BALLOON WAS GONE IN A BURST OF BURNING GAS! BON SANG! THIS BOY WAS LIKE THE WOUNDED BEAR... ATTACKING TO THE LAST!



HIS SPAD WAS PUNCTURED... LIKE A SIEVE! SLOWLY.. HE LOST THE ALTITUDE! BUT HE WAS NOT FINISHED!

MURVAUX!.. THE STREETS WERE FILLED WITH THE BOCHE SOLDIERS! ENCORE LUKE'S GUNS SPOKE!

AND SIX FELL NEVER TO RISE AGAIN! NOW HIS WHEELS BARELY MISSED THE TOPS OF THE BUILDINGS!

C'ETAIT LA FIN! IN A MEADOW BEHIND A CHURCH ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MURVAUX... LIEUTENANT LUKE BROUGHT HIS WOUNDED SPAD TO A HALT!

...FOR SOME REASON... PERHAPS TO BATHE HIS WOUND... HE STUMBLED TOWARDS A STREAM, BUT WHEN THE BOCHE CAME, HE WENT BACK TO THE SPAD AND DREW HIS AUTOMATIC!

QUELLE TÉMÉRITÉ! AND AS HE EMPTIED HIS GUN... A BULLET PIERCED HIS CHEST!

IT IS NOT KNOWN PRECISELY WHO FIRED THIS BULLET! LUKE COLLAPSED...

...SLID ALONG THE FUSELAGE OF HIS BATTERED SPAD... AND FELL TO THE GROUND!

THIS IS HOW FRANK LUKE DIED... L'ENFANT TERRIBLE... FIRING HIS AUTOMATIC!

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